WASHINGTON FREE PRESS

Vol 2
No. 19

November 23, 1967

20¢
25¢
Out of town.

1703 R Street NW, Washington, DC, 20009

Dine with the WARMAKERS pg. 7

BIG BOOM THEORY EXPOSED

free press letters

"Wedge" Soldier Speaks Out

TO THE WASHINGTON FREE PRESS:

We wish to speak and be heard. The following, a perhaps feeble and unprofessional account from an American soldier for American soldiers of "A" Co. to bridge the silent barrier to let it be known we all are American.

Several accounts have been written about the Pentagon.

First of all, "Time," "Newsweek," and leading newspapers and yours, the "Washington Free Press" have labeled the soldiers of Mall entrance as 82nd Airbone.

They were not an Airbone company, but "A" Co. the 1st Army, stationed A.P. Hill, Va. at least seventy miles to the South of Wash., D.C.

I would like to express that many of us did not like what we had to do.

None of (us) knew what situation of what type would confront us upon being committed.

All of us had hoped that we would not have to put violence down with more violence.

Before I begin with the account at Mall entrance I would like to start with Fri. night, midnight.

The word had been passed on to us that we were moving out.

By four o'clock A.M. Sat. morning we had reached the South side of the Pentagon.

Out temporary headquarters existed in a hallway where we rested until further orders.

Not any of us could grasp what had really happened. It was very unreal, even to the Viet Nam veterans and many which of which had a month left to serve.

Like a lull before the storm, tense. Restricted to our area, listening to radio reports eating C. rations.

Time passed slowly; it was now four o'clock Sat. Afternoon. Then it happened we were to be committed but only as support for security or so we thought.

The long walk to the North end I shall never forget. It seemed like a wierd dream, as we came closer the noise of the crowd became louder. Seemed almost alien. More troops came into view already in position and for what? American against American!

We again entered into the Pentagon, walked for what seemed an eternity, M.P.s rushing back and forth, Press and civilian police everywhere.

Our final destination turned out to be Mall entrance. It was crowded, Press from all over the world, phoning in their accounts, I couldn't believe the mania.

Here we waited smoking, talking, nervious, uncertain for sure of what was going on or what was to come.

Then it happened, it sounded as a huge door had been opened someone had broken through. I viewed through the glass doors Marshals fighting at least a dozen people, yelling screaming came from outside the thumping of night. Sticks, the scuffling of feet, my heart was in my threat.

We started to move forward but were ordered back, the company commander stepped to the door to view what was happening.

It ran through my mind the past training I'd had, of its little value for it had been for open streets, formation of lines and wedges and to combat an enemy which was fully armed and meant to kill you, not people that were your own age and most of all Americans, fellow Americans.

"OK 'A' company go get them!"

I felt as though I had been turned off then on, we all yelled crashing through the lobby, I couldn't have turned back if I had wanted to.

Everything was very fast, I didn't feel as if any sanity existed in mankind, facts were facts, it seemed both sides were mobs.

I ran into a Negro soldier standing arms extending forward braced against the wall to protect two white boys on the floor, he was all that stood between them and trampling boots and rifle butts.

The moment lum carried me up the steps and several soldiers were hollering, "Its a girl," "watch out!"

Utter disbelief, there must have been five soldiers pushing and shoving to keep her unharmed trying to carry her to the front where she wouldn't be trampled, beaten or arrested.

The men of "A" company remember her and hoped she was not hurt.

Suddenly I was outside and had to stop, for before me stood countless number of people yelling, screaming.

Before I could even think I heard glass break, a lamp glowe fell on my head and turned to see the rest crash down upon my company commander's head as he shouted orders into the Bull Horn, I don't remember hearing a thing.

I thought I must push them back, no not really them but violence and disorder, a man about thirty or more confronted me, I forced him back down the steps using my rifle to keep him at bay.

He suddenly disappeared and to my left a boy young not much younger than I confronted me, yelling, "Think of what you're doing." and frustration exploded and pushed him back down the steps, the best I could not causing injury.

I was at the bottom of the steps, slightly before the encoming main body of troops.

The girl by this time had been moved into reach of the demonstrators hands.

She was yelling, "I've been raped," quite impossible.

She probably never realized that soldiers only wanted to keep her out of the Marshals reach!

We formed our line, disorder seemed to be subsiding.

The line of 'A" Co. was held from five o'clock Sat. afternoon till six o'clock Sun morning. We slept nor ate during that time, but we didn't mind staying.

The people had grown to like us and tried very hard to avoid a situation where hostile action would have to be taken on our part.

Simple matters of staying seated, passing items such as food with throwing being eliminated.

We were proud to say that our line no one was beaten or dragged through by U.S. Marshalls or M.P.s.

None of "A" company deserted for we, although our main purpose was of putting down riots by staying there, existed also as an element of protection for the people before us.

Many have seen Viet Nam and know what's going on over there and also right here in America.

We perhaps, of very many people, the youth of America have more right to express or views. But we our misfortune we seem to be caught in the middle and have to remain silent.

Why I wrote the above letter, perhaps hopingly to let the truth be known, to let our side be heard.

I'm by no means a great writer and perhaps my letter will never get through or be heard, perhaps I'll end up behind bars, perhaps I should have said noting, but many of whom I represent want to be heard and want understanding to prevail.

Please write the truth as, for only youth to youth leaders of tomorrow in America, we must stick together although present administrators and situations of our time separate us, the freedom, the truth, love and peace may well be with much perseverance, communication and understanding.

"A" company warmongers we are really not, but very much real and human don't cast a hasty vote.

Out of all the news written we felt you should hear us and once more you would listen, if you are what you claim to be - Washington Free Press.

Signed
Representative

Abortion Classes

Editor.

Your edition of September 23 made a gross error in describing the abortion class held by Miss Maginnis in Washington and reprinting the material she distributed.

The following statement appeared in your article:

> "J. D. Kuch . . . . brought Miss Maginnis, of the Society for Humane Abortion, to Washington."

The Society for Humane Abortion does not, has not, and does not intend to distribute illegal data on abortion, nor sponsor abortion classes. Its sole purpose is to promote information and education toward more humane abortion practices.

The abortion classes and referral service is conducted by the Association to Repeal Abortion Lwas of which Patricia Maginnis, Rowena Gurner and Lana Phelan are active members.

Yours truly,
Board of Directors
Society of Humane Abortion
San Francisco, California
Sharon McCahon
Secretary

Mrs. Beaumont Immolation

To the Editor:

FLORENCE BEAUMONT was the daughter of a Congregational minister who held to the then-unorthodox belief that Christ's teachings should be applied to everyday living instead of just talking about them on Sundays. He believed that the place to worship was anywhere you happened to be and not necessarily in a church. Because of his beliefs, he was banished from many churches. In was in this atmosphere that Florence was raised from the age of 7 when her mother was killed in an auto accident.

Forence was a teacher of English, a student of history, and a graduate of Boyd Business College of Boston. She passionately loved her country, the United States of America; her ancestors may not have arrived on the Mayflower but they were treading on the heels of those who did. Although an ardent believer in non-violence, no braver person ever lived.

Why did Florence Beaumont burn herself to death last Sunday on the steps of the Federal building in Los Angeles? The answer is in her life.

This was no suicide; there were no indications of escapism or frustration. This was an immolation, a supreme sacrifice to Humanity, to Peace and freedom for all mankind. In a sense, it was a religious rite far beyond the hypocritical posturings of orthodoxy. No greater love hath no man.

The flames that enveloped Florence Beaumont differ in no way from the flames of napalm our government has inflicted upon the millions of Vietnamese infants and children, nor does Florence Beaumont differ from the Vietnamese mother clutching her child to her breast in a vain effort to bring back the breath of life.

The barbarous napalm that burned the bodies of the Vietnamese children have seared the souls of all those who, like Florence Beaumont, do not have icewater for blood, stones for hearts, and minds filled with murder.

The match that Florence used to touch off her gasoline-soaked clothing has lighted a fire that will not go out - ever - a fire under us complacent smug fat cats so damned secure in our ivory towers 9000 miles from exploding napalm, and THAT, we are sure, is the purpose in her act.

Like John Brown's body, what is now the mortal husk of Florence Beaumont shall lie mouldering in the grave but her spirit will go marching on and we shall follow, and THAT is wnat sne must have wanted.

Florence Beaumont is survived by two grown daughters - she had no sons - and by her husband.

16 October 1967

George Beaumont
640 Sandia, La Puente, Calif.

Homosexual

Dear Editor,

In an article on homosexuals (Vol. 2, No. 13), your writer gives the impression that all, or most, homosexuals "change" their sex by dressing up in women's clothing, etc. While I appreciate the sympathetic tone with which he wrote about homosexuals, it is unfortunate that his article will perpetuate the myth of the effeminate queer. Fact is that the vast majority of homosexuals never wear women's clothes and never have any desire to do so. Most homosexuals look like "normal" men and they seek partners who also look and act normal. It is understandable, however, that your author is unable to make contact with this type of homosexual, because their concern for anonymity is very great. This same concern prevents me from signing my name.

A homosexual
(But you'd never know)

Cont'd on page 12

Subscribe: WASHINGTON FREE PRESS
1703 R Street NW 20009

The Washington FREE PRESS is published biweekly by the Washington Free Community, Inc., 1703 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20009 (202-332-4938). Subscription price: $5.00 for 52 issues. Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Washington, D. C.

Name (please print)

Street and number

City State Zip
(note that all second-class mailers use zip codes, according to postal regulations)

FREE PRESS STAFF/ phone 332-4938
General Marsbars
Don Slaughter
Frank Speltz
Margie Stamberg Bill Blum Dick Ochs Mur
Jim True
Michael Grossman Art Grosman Maria
Sabrina Williamson Ann Speltz Sheila Ryan
Kathy Lee
Thomas Robinson
Ellis Pines
Roger Boyd
Irvin Schonbrun Barbara Greenspan
Duggan Flanakin

Guard Brutality at D.C. Jails

by Judy Willis

An hour after being released, Lois Levitan spoke calmly and even with a few smiles about how she had been dragged into the "hole" at the D.C. Women's House of Detention, where five policewomen and one policeman yanked her limbs, ripped off her clothes above her waist, and held her in a stranglehold until she could not breathe and could feel the pain in her throat and her lungs.

Lois, 18, and from Chicago, was among those arrested at the Mobilization Demonstration at the Pentagon October 21st. She told her story at a press conference called by Father McSorley at Georgetown University, November 6.

McSorley introduced Richard Gale, 18, who told what happened to the demonstrators after they were taken from Occoquan prison, where they were given warm food and coffee and treated comparatively well, to the D.C. Jail. Richard said they waited three hours in the hallway without food, water, or sanitary facilities, to be taken through "processing." During "processing," the men were asked to strip. Richard said they started to oblige until they realized that one of the young men who was refusing to be fingerprinted was having his fingers bent to the point of pain and possible injury by the guards. The men who had been taking their clothes off, put them back on in protest. The guards then stripped their clothes from them, leaving some completely naked and others in only their underpants. The bending back of fingers, wrists and arms became the standard way in which the guards dealt with those who chose not to cooperate.

Richard recalled that they were not offered prison clothing or blankets — as the press reported and the prison officials claimed — but were carried naked or in their underpants by other prisioners to a series of cells known as the "hole." Richard said the prisoner who carried him quietly told him not to protest, because if Richard didn't let the prisoner carry him, then a guard would do it, and the guard was sure to beat him. Richard and three other men were put in a cell meant for two persons. There were no beds, so they tried to sleep naked on the cold concrete. They ended up sleeping one atop the other to keep warm, he said.

In a corroborating statement, Martin Jezer, 26, editor of WIN magazine in New York City, said he was placed in one of the "hole" cells which measures 4x6x7. "Each had a toilet. There were no mattresses in the cell, we had no blankets, and no clothes. . .were awakened by prison guards early the next morning. They wanted to fingerprint us again. We protested that we had already been fingerprinted. Instead of carrying us to the fingerprinting area about thirty feet down the hall, the prison guards either dragged us, or with three or four of us, clamped wrist-screws upon our wrists and dragged us by them down the hall. Wrist screws are like open handcuffs. The prongs go into you wrists rather than around them. There is a mechanism (by which) the guards can tighten or loosen the pressure of the prongs biting into your wrists. I had this done to me."

Richard said he was also subject to the wrists clamps. Shortly after the clamping, dragging and refingerprinting, the men were returned to their cells and asked if they wished to go to the dormitories. Richard and Martin, along with Bruce Grant, Jerry Coffin, Hamp Howell, and Michael Grille, agreed to walk to the dormitories. Those who remained in the "hole" — and fasting — were Gary Rader, 23, Elliot Linzer, 21, Michael Mattin, 17, Don Baty 22 and Jose Cassagnol, 22.

Jose, who was released in time to appear at the press conference, said that, later, Elliot Linzer told the guards he wanted to walk up to the dormitory, but the guards informed him that he would not be allowed to unless the rest joined him.

Father McSorley reported that Gary Rader was still fasting, although he had been force-fed through the nose. Father McSorley said that those who tried to see Gary had been told by prison officials that he had been released, when, in fact, Gary was still in prison, continuing his fast. Jerry Kauffman is also still fasting in spite of forced feedings.

"I think dissent is being muffled," the priest said. "I am concerned that the administration is muffling dissent through the actions of the prison officials."

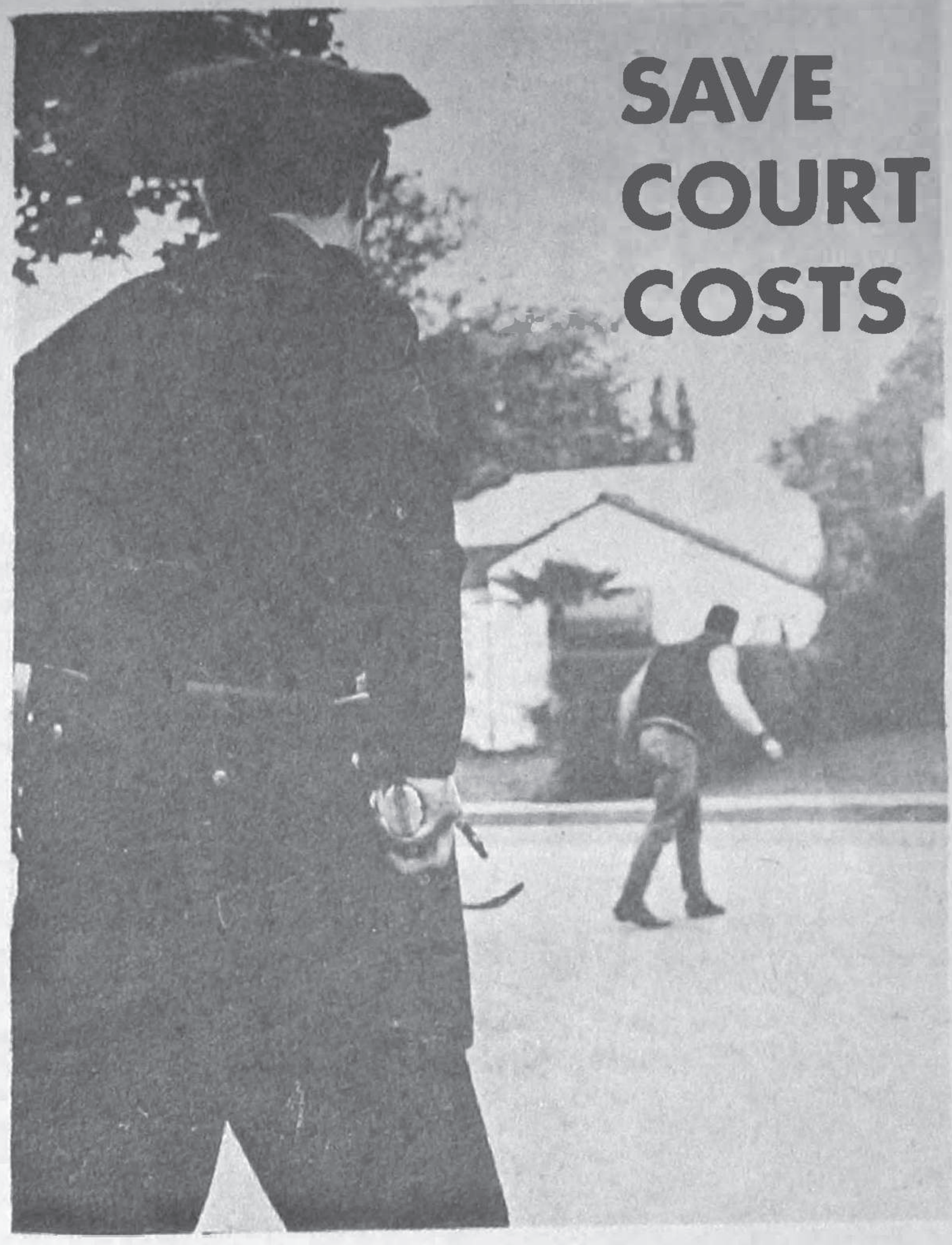
Back at the Women's House of Detention, the action which precipitated the incident in which Lois Levitan was mistreated, according to a corroborative statement by Lea Adams took place as follows: Sometime during the rinse cycle of the dishes, in the kitchen where Lois was working to relieve Sheila Ryan of her duties that evening, an officer asked the girls to leave the kitchen, saying that there was nothing to do. (Sheila Ryan is serving a 6 months term for a 1965 civil rights demonstration conviction).

Lois, whose job was not yet completed, would have been left alone so the other girls refused to leave. "At this point," Lea stated, "the officer locked the door with no explanation; Lois asked that the door be unlocked, explaining that she needed to go in and out to complete her job. Her request was denied. She continued to work for a few minutes, but then, realizing the senselessness of the situation, refused to work until the door was unlocked. A policewoman then came and escorted Lois to the elevator, again, with no explanation. Lois did not resist, and walked with the officer to the Control area on the second floor, were, she said, two policewomen grabbed her legs and her two arms, while Sgt. Waller pulled her by the neck to the security area." Lea noted, parenthetically, that "Lois is known, by both the inmates and the officers to be one of the Pentagon demonstrators who, from the time of her trial, has been completely cooperative with police."

In a printed statement, Lois said that, upon reaching the Control cage, "the officer. . .came out. . ., grabbed my comb out of my pocket and my glasses off from my face. I was stunned at the aggressiveness of her

Cont'd on page 16

STRAW BERRY ALARM CLOCK
Nov. 11, 12, &13
and The mosaic virus
AMBASSADOR THEATER
18th and COLUMBIA ROAD, N. W.
462-6766



Trigger Happy D.C. Cops

Although you had to peruse the back pages and read between the lines, last month's newspapers provided four more examples of the trigger-happy-cop syndrome.

As a result of the facile use by cops of their guns, two men were dead, one in serious condition in D.C. General Hospital, and one in satisfactory condition at Prince George's General Hospital.

In all four cases, the cops proved their valor on unarmed men.

David A. Ward, a 24-year-old man from Green Meadows, Md., was shot in the right side of the back after Montogomery County police stopped him on Powder Mill Road. Ward was a shoplifting suspect. The officer who did the shooting is Pvt. John P. Onanian.

Ward, who lived in a rooming house at 6213 21st Ave., Green Meadows, near Hyattsville, was shot Oct. 19 and taken to Leland Memorial Hospital, where he died Oct. 22.

According to the police version of the story (the only version, as is typical in crime reporting), Ward and three young companions were sighted shoplifting near Zayre's Department store. The manager called the cops and told them that Ward has a gun, and the chase began.

Onanian shot Ward, the police say, when the suspects were being held at gunpoint against their car. The cops say that Ward "made a move toward his waist." Ward did not have a gun on him, though the cops say they later found a pistol along the chase route.

In the second case, an unidentified man who was being sought for questioning on a homocide case was shot and seriously injured on Oct. 21 at 3030 30St. N.E. Det. John C. Connor of the homocide squad shot the man in the chest when the man "whirled and reached for something." With the man (black, of course) thus safely dispatched, the police discovered he was unarmed. Before long, they also discovered that the man was John Bowman, 27, of 3129 Buena Vista Terrace, SE. He had nothing to do with the murder case they were on.

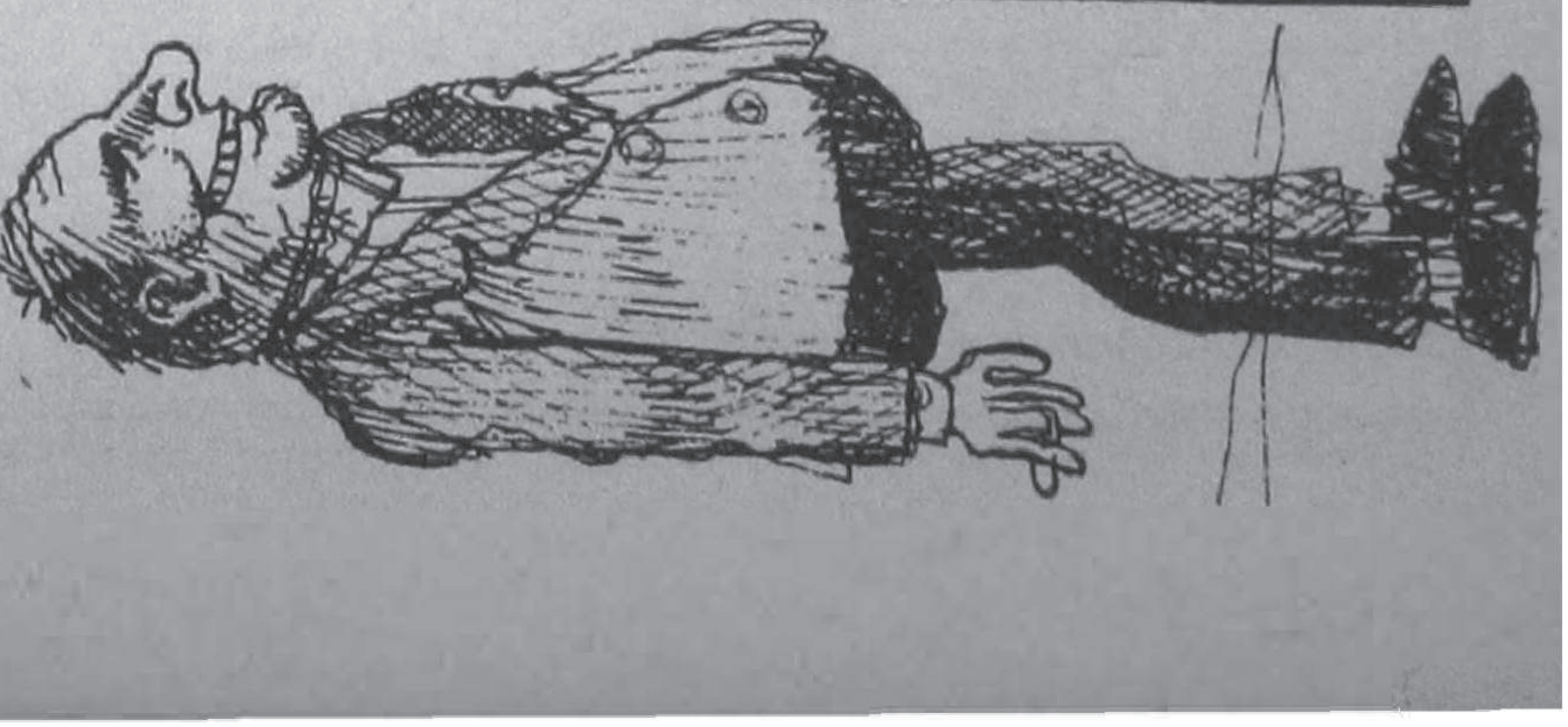
The third shooting occurred Oct. 24, when Pvt. Charles Lancaster was trying to arrest Earl Atkinson, a 31-year-old patient at St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Atkinson, who was under voluntary treatment at the hospital for unspecified emotional problems, had been out that day with permission to look for a job.

On the bus, however, he was molesting a woman, who reported the incident to Pvt. Lancaster. Moments later, Atkinson was molesting another woman on the sidewalk, but when Lancaster tried to arrest him, he fought off the police officer. Except for his fists, Atkinson was unarmed. They wrestled all over the sidewalk and across Nichols Avenue, but when Lancaster proved unable to hold down Atkinson, the officer withdrew a gun and shot the man once in the chest. A police car answering Lancaster's call for help was already on its way. It arrived moments after Atkinson's body lay bleeding and dead on the sidewalk.

The fourth shooting occurred on Oct. 28, when a 15-year-old youth in a speeding car caught a bullet in the back. Pvt. William Spalding, a Prince George's County policeman, shot the young man because he suspected him in a housebreaking case. The youth's name was not released, but the police admitted he was unarmed and had no connection with the housebreaking case.

Inquiries are routinely held in cases of this sort, but these investigations are carried out by the cop brass, so there is almost never a case of an officer being punished for such a shooting. Lancaster -- the cop who shot the mental patient -- has already been cleared, with the listing of the shooting as a "justifiable homicide."

What is the legend on that button? "Your local police are armed and dangerous!"



sheila ryan beaten by prison guard

NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND: BEING CHAPTER II IN A SAGA OF OUR FIVE HEROINES, MARTA KUSIC, PAM HAYES, CAROL GARVIN, WINNIE NEAL AND SHEILA RYAN, ARRESTED IN 1965 for sitting down in the White House and asking the President to stop the killing and gassing of people in Selma.

By ***Margie Stamberg***

It is unfortunate that only when a number of political prisoners (who are largely members of the articulate middle class) are for a short while incarcerated, that we focus on conditions which exist day after day, year after year, in our prison system.

Such has been the case at the Women's Detention Center, 1010 North Capitol Street, N.W., from which scores of women demonstrators have just been released to tell tales ranging from physical brutality to more subtle terror tactics.

Let us bring up to date, as a case in point, Sheila Ryan. Sheila, a FREE PRESS staffer, was incarcerated with 6 others in August to serve six months for having sat-in at the White House during the Selma crisis to protest the gassing, beating, and murder of people during that period.

Presently, the other 4 girls in Sheila's case have been released by day on the jail's Work-Release Program. This singling out of one person has occurred for 2 reasons: (1) Sheila refused to dry dishes on Tuesday, October 24th, as a gesture of sympathy with those Pentagon demonstrators who were being maltreated in the jail on that day. (2) Sheila is a reporter for the FREE PRESS, and, as was told to me by a member of the Work-Release Office, the officials fear that she will begin to write about her experiences as soon as she makes contact with the outside world. This is also the reason why Sheila Ryan has, since her incarceration, been refused ANY visiting privileges save for members of her immediate family (who reside in Massachusetts and are unable to make the trip to Washington frequently.)

On Friday, November 3rd, this reporter called Mr. Hawkins in the Work-Release Office at the D.C. JAil. I told Mr. Hawkins that I had been out of town, had just returned, and had been informed that Sheila Ryan had been permanently refused her work-release, a privelege granted to all the other girls in her case. Mr. Hawkins verified this. I asked him for details. He said it was because of a "certain situation at the Women's Detention Center--something about her refusal to work." He said he did not know any more detail about the incident, but that it had come at a time when "we (Work Release) had tentatively refused--we are not recommending her for work release."

I asked Mr. Hawkins if he had been one of those involved in this decision. He said yes, he had been, as a member of the Work-Release Office. I said: "Mr. Hawkins, do I understand correctly that you were one of those who made the decision to deny her work-release, yet you say that you do not know the "situation" upon which you are judging her?" Mr. Hawkins did not deny this.

* * *

On the Tuesday that Sheila refused to dry dishes, she was beaten and kicked by jail personnel. She has suffered internal bleeding and fainting spells as a result. For six days she was denied medication. The authorities have given her little medical care since then. No outside medical authorities have been permitted entrance to examine her.

On Friday, October 27, Mr. Charles F. Campbell of the Bureau of Prisons in the Justice Department arrived and visited with Sheila. He took some notes about her condition and said that he would take care of the situation.

Sheila has of the time of this writing still been denied a doctor.

Sheila is presently serving her sentence in almost total isolation; denied access to medical aid, to seeing anyone from the outside world save her sister (and even this privilege is hardly secure.) her mail is heavily censored at best; more usually she does not receive letters. She has been many times (including that when she was in the prison hospital) been denied access to her lawyers--the social worker who is in charge of these matters, having refused to honor her request to see her lawyers.

I am frequently asked how outside sympathizers can help to alleviate the conditions Miss Ryan is presently facing. My only answer is that exercises of brutality and arbitrary punishment can only exist when jail officials feel that their actions go on unseen. The jails fear publicity most of all. I suggest that interested people call, demand to know the details of her treatment, and keep a constant vigil. This can be done through letters and phone calls to Mrs. Kenneth Hardy, head of the Women's Detention Center, 1010 North Capitol Street, Telephone Number: 629-4301.

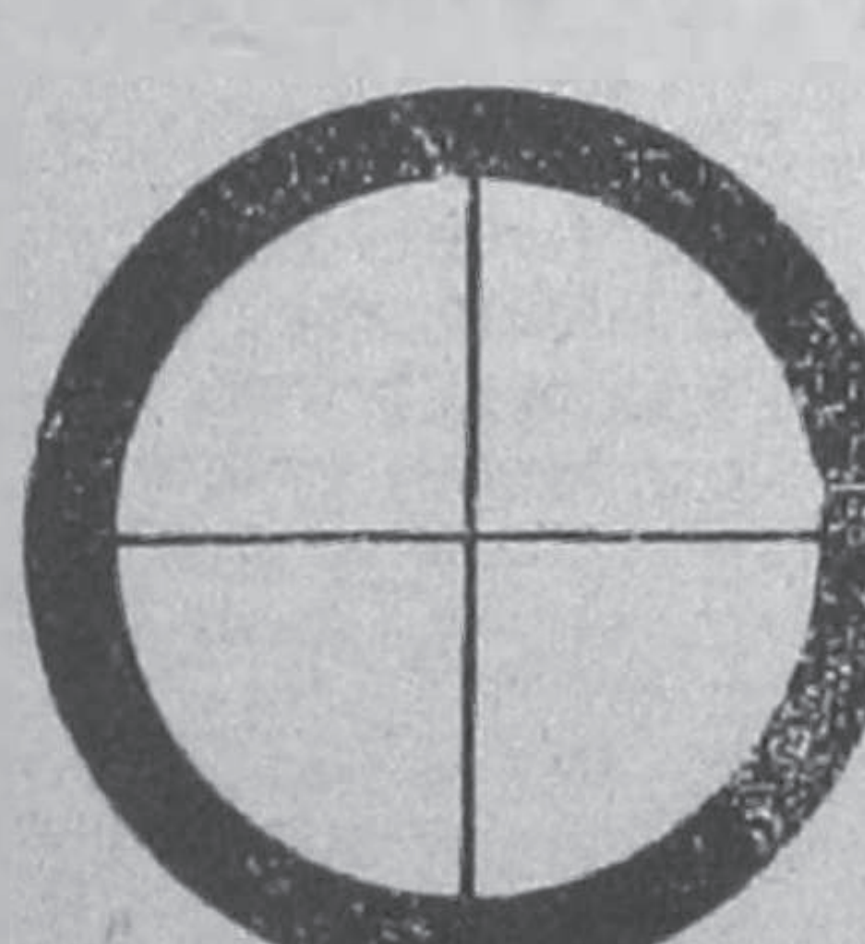
SHEILA'S statement

"It was my regular job to dry dishes in the third floor kitchen, a task I normally performed cheerfully as it relieved jail boredom. On Tuesday, October 24, I refused to dry dishes as a gesture of sympathy with the inmates from the Pentagon demonstration. Each demonstrator was asked to do a certain amount of work in the jail like sweeping the halls or working in the kitchen. The tasks were understood to be a symbolic act of cooperation with prison authorities. Usually, there are not enough jobs to keep busy even the regular inmates. As each Pentagon demonstrator refused to make this gesture of cooperation, she was dragged by jail guards to the 'hole'--solitary confinement. I had seen two women dragged away earlier in the day. I decided that drying dishes that day had a special meaning. I refused the job someone else started working in my place and I went to my room.

"On Tuesday, October 24, Mrs. Shaw came into my room and asked me if I were going to dry dishes. I explained to her that on THIS day I could not do their work since they were using these little jobs to evoke cooperative responses from the prisoners from the Pentagon march. Sgt. Hughes and Miss Ledue came into my room and we discussed whether or not I was going to dry dishes today. Then they told me Miss Pringle wanted to talk to me.

"I was seated on my bed. Although I had never refused to walk, they suddenly grabbed at me and started pulling me off the bed. I reached for a bedpost, but Miss Ledue and Sgt. Hughes grabbed my arms, twisting them behind me. I said: 'This is unnecessary.' I was in pain and could not untwist my arms. Their fingermarks were bruised into both my arms afterward.

Cont'd on page 8



TRAITORS BEWARE

See the old man at the corner where you buy your papers? He may have a silencer equipped pistol under his coat. That extra fountain pen in the pocket of the insurance salesman who calls on you might be a cyanide gas gun. What about your milk man? Arsenic works slow but sure. Your auto mechanic may stay up nights studying booby traps. These patriots are not going to let you take their freedom away from them. They have learned the silent knife, the strangler's cord, the target rifle that hits sparrows at 200 yards. Traitors beware. Even now the cross hairs are on the back of your necks.

MINUTEMEN

UNDERGROUND PRESS JOINS THEATER OF THE ABSURD

George De Vincent

By Michael Grossman

On the eve of the Oct. 21 confrontation, the Liberation News Service (LNS) and the Underground Press Syndicate (UPS) held meetings in Washington at the New Theater. Over 65 papers — underground, new left, anti-establishment, etc. — were present.

Liberation News Service began this summer and it has been providing news stories and releases to underground papers which have published a considerable number of them. Other services proposed for LNS at the meeting include a research bureau, a co-op advertising service and a training program.

UPS has been a vacuous association of papers, controlled by the East Village Other (EVO) which affords its members the right to reprint stories from any of the other members. (Most underground papers, member or non-member, don't give a damn).

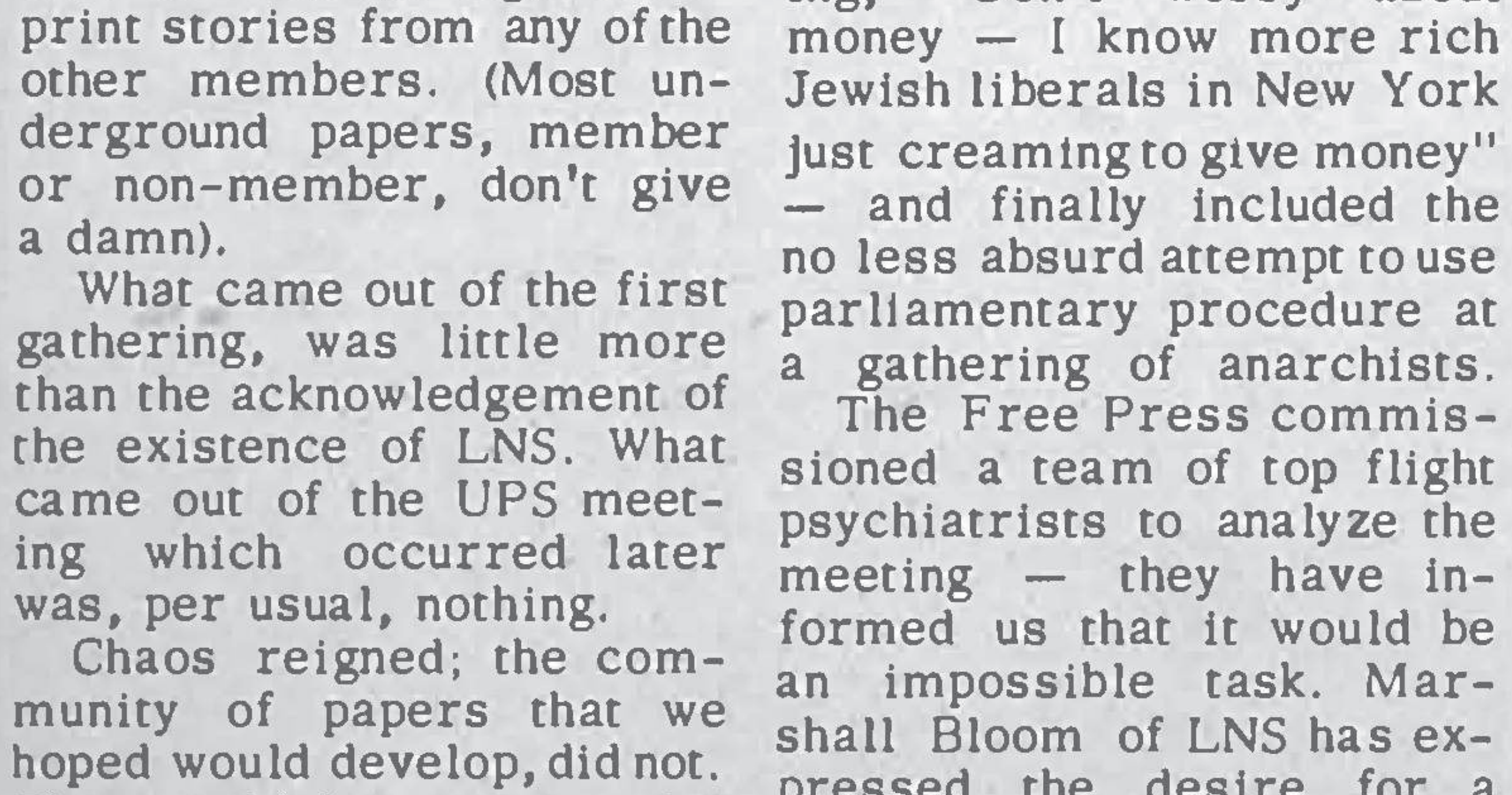
What came out of the first gathering, was little more than the acknowledgement of the existence of LNS. What came out of the UPS meeting which occurred later was, per usual, nothing.

Chaos reigned; the community of papers that we hoped would develop, did not. That would be a community in which the members of the underground papers, radio stations, etc, would have a sense of being part of a movement, the direction of which would be the growth of an effective system of counter media in this country. People related to each other, not on the basis of respect, but on that of power.

However, the context of the meeting was such that probably little else could have resulted. Some people just wanted to meet each other; others wanted to vent their gripes at EVO over UPS and press for a merger of LNS and UPS; and others wanted to talk about the programs for LNS.

The scene was absurd. It began with absurd speeches, it continued with an even more absurd Kenneth Anger ("Scorpio Rising") looking like his own caricature of the Italian Mafia, interrupting, fighting, hooting "Trotskyite Fascists," and yelling, "Don't worry about money — I know more rich Jewish liberals in New York just creaming to give money" — and finally included the no less absurd attempt to use parliamentary procedure at a gathering of anarchists.

The Free Press commissioned a team of top flight psychiatrists to analyze the meeting — they have informed us that it would be an impossible task. Marshall Bloom of LNS has expressed the desire for a more sane and extended gathering of the tribes of the underground press sometime next year.



THE HIPPIES and THE HYPOCRITES

CHICAGO SEED (U.P.S.)

by Thane Gower Ritalin

I have been touched, as never before, by the concern of many good and gentle citizens over the pains and dangers accompanying LSD trips.

So that my readers, too, may appreciate the solicitousness of our alarmed middle class, I have decided to reveal here the highlights of my interview with one of the most prominent crusaders against what he calls the GAS syndrom (Grass, Acid, Speed).

Paul Mell, a leading cigarette manufacturer, fights against LSD as dedicatedly as he once fought against VD - until he was emasculated by a Big Sur abalone.

A general in the reserve, he is also a past commander of the Americannibal Legion, a Grand Linden Tree Bird in the VFW (Vultures Fomenting War), a 47th degree arch-sub-right reverend-deacon in the Church of the Crystal-Clear Christ, and major stockholder in the Dolly Madison Riot Control Equipment Corporation.

Regarding civil rights issues, Paul Mell considers himself a "moderate, liberal, spiritual pragmatist." He believes in, as he himself defines it, "you know, accelerated gradualism, or graduated accelerationism, you know, escalated liberty, but with brakes in tip-top shape."

Mr. Rev. Gen. Paul Mell rose to the foremost ranks of Caucasians working for Negro freedom when, several years before Civil Rights were taken up by the martini set, he ordered all the secretaries of the firms he controlled, never, never to write the word Negro with a small n, and never, never to hyphenate the word. As his press agent said, "You don't hyphenate white, so why hyphenate Negro? We're all equal - even grammatically."

He is also the internationally renowned author of the police pamphlet, "The Efficacious Starvation of Dogs Prior to Leftwing Demonstrations."

I asked Paul Mell recently what were the philosophical bases of his campaign against LSD in particular and Hippies in general.

He replied, "You know it has nothing to do with philosophy. In fact, that's one of the troubles of today, too much philosophy. This has to do with common sense, and with dollars and cents, which put more olives in more drinks than philosophy ever did, if you know what I mean.

"Well, you see, we in the tobacco game, and it's a big thing, our fourth or fifth major crop industry, a lot bigger than funny buttons and all of them underground presses, well, we make $2448 on each case of emphysema, and about $3042 on every lung cancer - maybe one or two hundred or more as the long hundred millimeters catch on - but you gotta remember that emphysema takes about 17 years to pay off, and the cancer thing about 21 years. So, you know, the hippie type that takes off on LSD and, let's say, knows himself off, or gets locked up where smoking's not allowed, is hurting the whole economy, the Gross National Product, the GNP: that's it, it's LSD against GNP, and, you remember the song I helped write for the last convention, 'GNP and LBJ equals YOUSA.'

"But that's not the main thing - not the money, although a friend of mine in the liquor trade, who makes about thirteen grand on every cirrhosis of the liver, is also worried about the impact of the blossom babies, flower children or whatever they call themselves, on the alcohol industry. They won't drink, and my grandfather was the first one to tell me to be suspicious of anybody who doesn't drink; after all, if he doesn't drink, what does he do? Get the point? The hippies prove that one.

"Anyway, as I was saying, it's not the money. The real thing is that emphysema, cancer, and even my friend's cirrhosis, are family, social, public diseases. I mean they linger, they last, the patient becomes the center of a social activity. Everybody, even the florists - and the flower children should think of them if anybody should - have a chance TO GET INVOLVED. But LSD and the other drugs are introverted; they're anti-social - that's what we really have against them. The users of all those things forget that they need the rest of us; that they need all the things we give ourselves ulcers to produce for them.

"A drinking man can be a thinking man - as U.S. Grant and Teddy Roosevelt and - and Richard Burton prove - but on a 'trip' you're

Cont'd on page 17

KALEIDOSCOPE

By Bob Kuch

"If there is black violence and white terror in this country today, it may be due partly to the fact that the races simply do not understand each other as men," writes Robert Lewis Shayon in a recent issue of Saturday Review.

While such a premise seems obvious, current racial incompatability indicates a need for an artistic reinforcement of its simple message — a need brilliantly supplied by playwrite David Westheimer in his script of "My Sweet Charlie," the current production at the Washington Theater Club.

The play opens with two symbols confronting each other in a deserted summer cottage on the Gulf Coast: a Black, male, apparently Violent, and on the run; and a White, female, obviously in Terror, and already run. The gradual focusing from shadows to selves of Marlene Chambers, the young girl whose single fall from Southern Rural Grace has left her pregnant, and Charles Roberts, the Northern, Urban, Very-Intellectual Negro whose fall from Protest Grace has resulted in his killing a white man in self-defense during a civil rights march, is an exciting, warm and beautiful evening of theater.

The excitement, warmth, and beauty of "My Sweet Charlie" are provided by the brilliant performances of the two very talented and very professional actors, Ginger Gerlach and Damon Brazwell. Mr. Brazwell's "Charles" transcends not only the image of an urban, cultured Negro, but transcends "Negro" itself. He is a man forced by circumstance to deal with a problem that is very common in our society today, an intellectual hang-up which stops him from relating to people on a "gut" level.

Miss Gerlach's "Ginger" is also compelled by her present situation to expand herself: she has to learn to deal with a person and with concepts far outside of her small, Southern, rural world. The beautiful interaction between Miss Gerlach and Mr. Brazwell is what makes Marlene Chambers grow up, what makes "Charles," "Charlie" and Charlie sweet.

That the play retains its focus throughout, that it is one of the finest pieces of theater I have ever seen, is due, ultimately, to the superb direction of Davey Marlin-Jones, the Theater Club's Resident Director. In dealing with a script that could easily dwindle into boredom or (more likely) lapse into a simple sentimentality, Mr. Jones has brought each artistic element of the production to its peak in a unified whole. Neither technically nor among the actors is there any unnecessary parading of skills or egos for their own sake; rather a fulfilment of each aspect towards the common end.

Designer James Parker's rendering of the deserted summer house makes excellent use of the Theater Club's small thrust stage in giving the audience the exact visual setting required, while William Eggleston's sensitive lighting continuously reinforces the tone established by the actors on their set.

Though "My Sweet Charlie" is essentially a two-character show, the brief, but excellent, performance of Sue Lawless and John Hillerman as "Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee," and Ralph Strait and Bill Alford as "Mr. Treadwell" and "The Doctor" respectively, give us a very necessary glance of what is outside the little world of the cottage.

My only negative reaction of any importance was the abrupt appearance of the title line (always difficult to handle in a serious work) which momentarily jarred me out of the play and into the theater. We already knew (without the specific words) what the line is trying to convey, and its appearance is not only redundant but a digression in a very tight moment. However, this is only a minor criticism of a major production: "My Sweet Charlie" is what good theater is all about.

Meanwhile, back at the Grassy Knoll...

The 1967 Citizen's Committee of inquiry has been formed in New York City and Los Angeles to instigate a new investigation of the assassination of John F. Kennedy.

The Committee says it does not subscribe to any single assassination theory nor does it support any single theorist. Rather it calls for a new, open, non-political investigation.

In its petition, which it urges all interested to sign, the Committee points out that "evidence relevant to the assassiganition of President Kennedy has been made unavailable to the public until September of the year 2039A. D. by executive order." The petition, therefore, calls upon Congress to initiate a new investigation by independent, non-government experts to whom all the evidence-including that which is now classified-would be made, available.

Petitions are available from the 1967 Citizen's Committee of Inquiry, G.O.P. Box 2691, N.Y., N.Y. 10001. Donation will also be accepted at that address.

The Committee asks anyone interested in organizing a Committee of Inquiry in Washington to write to the above address for further information.

The New York Committee is distributing its petitions at the previews and performances of "The Trial of Lee Harvy Oswald," scheduled to open at the ANTA Theatre Nov. 9.

In a special initial release to the Underground Press, the Committee says that their petition is the primary method of achieving a new inquiry, since it is hoped that vast number of persons will sign it. The statement further says "Our means will be as militant as requires to acheive our goal, and always involving a maximum number of people."

Trent Gough, Chairman of the Committee, suggests reading the October Playboy interview with New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison.

··············

Another witness to the Kennedy assassination was shot at in Dallas on November 1, the week after he had returned from meeting with New Orleans District Attorney, Jim Garrison.

Roger D. Craig, who served for eight years as Dallas County Sheriff, stepped onto the curb with two friends when a shot rang out from behind him. It whisked a puff of hair over his left ear, raising the hair and leaving what Craig called "a sensitive spot." But he was not injured.

Craig had testified before the Warren Commission, giving evidence which is inconsistent with the conclusions of the Warren Report. Resigning from the Sheriff's office on July 4, 1967, Craig had not been harassed about his testimony prior to this week's incident, which he feels is connected with his visit to Garrison.

Craig had been standing near Main and Houston St. in Dallas as the Presidential motorcade passed. He testified to the Commission that after the shots rang out, he turned and saw a man start to run doen the hill on the north side of Elm St. (i.e. the "Grassy Knoll").

This man was described as being similar in appearance to Lee Oswald. Craig said he saw him getting into a car that was driven by a dark-skinned man and speed away under the triple underpass.

According to the Warren Report, Lee Oswald is supposed to have fled on foot in the opposite direction and no-one is supposed to have been on the knoll.

Craig said that there is another witness who can corroborate his testimony, but whose name cannot be released at present.

Craig is of further significance since he met personally with Oswald on November 22, 1963, in the office of Sheriff Fritz. He is now a private detective working for a bonding company, and would not elaborate on his resignation from the Sheriff's department.

Previously, a number of witnesses to the assassination have been harassed. In Forgive My Grief, Volume II, Penn Jones, one student of the assassination, claims that there are twenty-four deaths which should be given further investigation.

Almost every witness listed as a "mysterious death" gave evidence which conflicts with the official conclusions of the government.

CIVIL RIGHTS for CIA? =hell no=

By Dick Ochs

A major topic of debate among local student activists has been the definition of strategy and tactics of campus demonstrations against CIA recruiters. The debate lies within the context of building a radical student-power movement toward basic changes in the American system. The recent sit-in against CIA recruiters at the University of Maryland (Monday, October 30) and the subsequent reaction by the establishment press and some students (Wash. Post editorial 11-1 and Diamondback 10-31.) has created an issue around which to educate and organize students.

The position of the students debating the anti-CIA tactics is clear: the CIA is evil and has no place in a democratic society. The role of this secret agency goes far beyond collection of intelligence: the CIA overthrows democratic governments (Iran, 1953), collaborates in violent surpression of elected governments (Guatemala, 1954; Dominican Republic, 1965), finances reactionary elements globally & trains counter-surgent military which suppress popular movements. In addition, the CIA subverts democracy at home by clandestinely financing institutions and organizations, (eg, NSA). The consensus of SDS is that the CIA is totally reprehensable and must be abolished.

The debate currently in progress is how this value judgement and the militant protests relate to the student body. Specifically, how should the current controversy created by conflict be converted into a learning experience for many students and an organizational victory for the movement?

On one side of the debate lies the necessity of the radical rationale to discredit false charges made against the demonstrators by the establishment press and some students. The loudest of these charges is that SDS "infringes on the rights of others" by blocking access to CIA interviews. By portraying SDS as a violator of civil liberties, the forces of reaction cloud the real issues and diminish sympathy for SDS.

The question of debate is whether to mount a campaign defending against the smear,

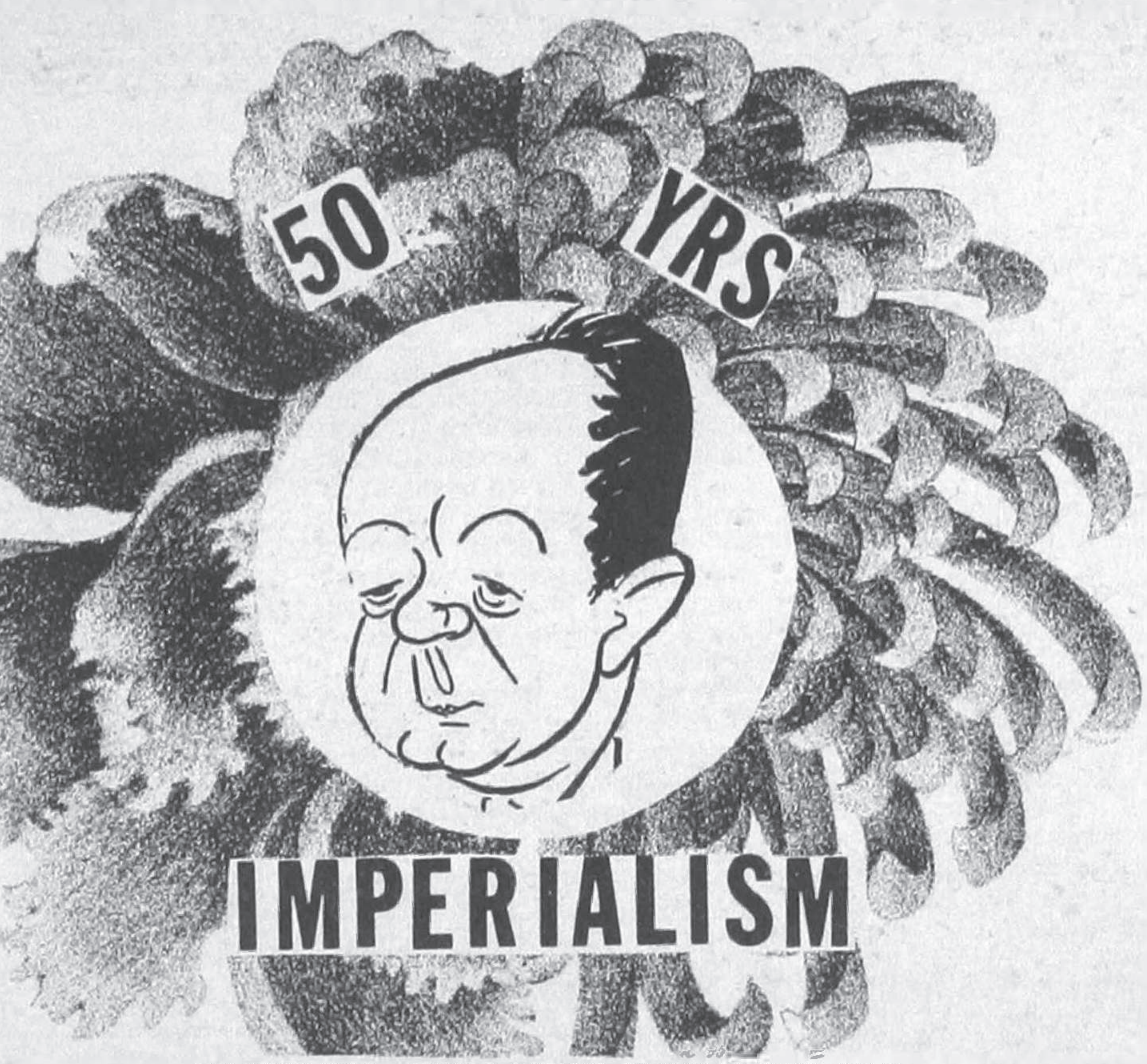
Cont'd on page 8

Actors
WANTED
for world premiere
of a new prose version
of the Greek tragedy,
"ANTIGONE"
NORVA PLAYERS
Call 532-8716
or 232-8426

DINE with the WARMAKERS

MENU

Chopped Charlie
Napalm Nougat Flambe
Yellow Peril Pate
Red Menace Mousse



EMBROIL THE NEW YORK HILTON.
(6th Ave. and 53rd St.)

On November 14, the Foreign Policy Association (FPA) will hold its 50th anniversary dinner at the New York Hilton. Dean Rusk will be the guest speaker. A militant confrontation of these "war makers" is being planned by New York Regional Students for Democratic Society (SDS), and the Fifth Avenue Parade Committee.

The FPA was founded one week after the Russian Revolution and has always been at the forefront of the fight for freedom. Their membership principally consists of industrialists with more than a passing interest in events beyond our shores. They are men of the stature of Charles Engelheart whose Anglo-American Corporation controls 28 per cent of South Africa's gold production, 22 per cent of the uranium, 43 per cent of the coal, 57 per cent of the copper and almost all the diamonds. Another member is Elsworth Bunker. Bunker has been Special Ambassador to the O.A.S. while he is also one of the leading stockholders of National Sugar Refining Corporation, the second largest sugar corporation on the east coast. During the crisis in the Dominican Republic, a prime producer of sugar, he was called in as Special Emissary to the Dominican Republic. He is now a special Ambassador to Vietnam.

On the 50th anniversary committee we find James Rogers, formerly Deputy Director of the O.S.S, past President of the Foreign Bond-holder Protector Council, and now chairman of the Board of Operation Crossroads Africa, which, with the help of CIA funds, helps train future leaders for Africa; also Herald Linder, a large doner to the Democratic Party, who worked for the Department of State during the fifties and is now Chairman of the Export-Import Bank which is a main supplier of loans to Latin America; and George Brown, of Brown and Root Construction Company which receives Billion Dollar government contracts to construct air bases in Vietnam and Thailand — he also is a large contributor to the Democratic Party.

Then there's Roswell Gilpatric, who is a partner in the largest U.S. law firm which specialises in representing military contractors. He recently served as Undersecretary of the Air Force, was a member of a Rockefeller study in the fifties which gave rise to the concept of the missile gap, and for a while chaired the board of Aerospace Cororation. While Deputy Secretary of Defense, he was involved in the critical decision to give the 7.5 billion dollar TFX contract to General Dynamics whom Gilpatric's law firm represents.

Others include A. Kaplan of CIA fame, John Richardson Jr., President of Radio Free Europe, a recipient of CIA funds and an enterprise nurtured by Allen Dulles of the CIA, C. D. Jackson, Eisenhower's advisor on psychological warfare, American Imperialism — these are the interests U.S. A.A. Berle, Kennedy contact during the Bay of Pigs (also a long time sugar executive), and Nelson Eldridge, an officer of Chase Manhattan Bank and a heavy investor in South Africa.

One of the association's projects has been to sponsor the printing of "objective" basic pamphlets on foreign policy which are used in public schools.

According to one of the organizers of the demonstration, "the members of the association represent the corporate interests abroad which are at the root of foreign policy must protect, why revolutions must be put down, why Viet Nam must be an object lesson to the people of the world."

The demonstrators plan a series of activities designed to disrupt the feast of the warmongers. A militant rally of 10,000 is hoped for outside the Hilton. A play by the Pageant Players portraying corporate capitalism fucking the third world will be performed, and unsponsored provo activity of a disruptive nature may occur. The Free Press is organizing transportation from Washington for the event.

Michael Grossman

Will Rusk survive this delicate repast?

IOWA RESISTANCE

Iowa City, Iowa, Nov. 1 (LNS)-- 125 demonstrators, sitting in to prevent recruitment by U.S. Marines at the State University of Iowa, were attacked and beaten by a larger crowd of counter-demonstrators today.

From 9:00 a.m. until about 10:00 a.m., potential recruits climbed over the heads of the demonstrators to gain access to the Marine recruiters inside the student union building. Meanwhile, a crowd of counter-demonstrators was gathering, which cheered those recruitees who were successful at getting inside.

Shortly after 10:00 a.m., the counter-demonstrators charged into the demonstrators, beating some and pushing the group. In a few minutes they had driven the demonstrators, and the line of police behind them, against the doors, so tightly that some of the glass shattered.

The police then withdrew into the Union and the crowd pulled individual demonstrators (after much struggle) out of the front lines. These people were dragged through the pro-war group and were kicked and beaten. They were thrown out of the entrance hall.

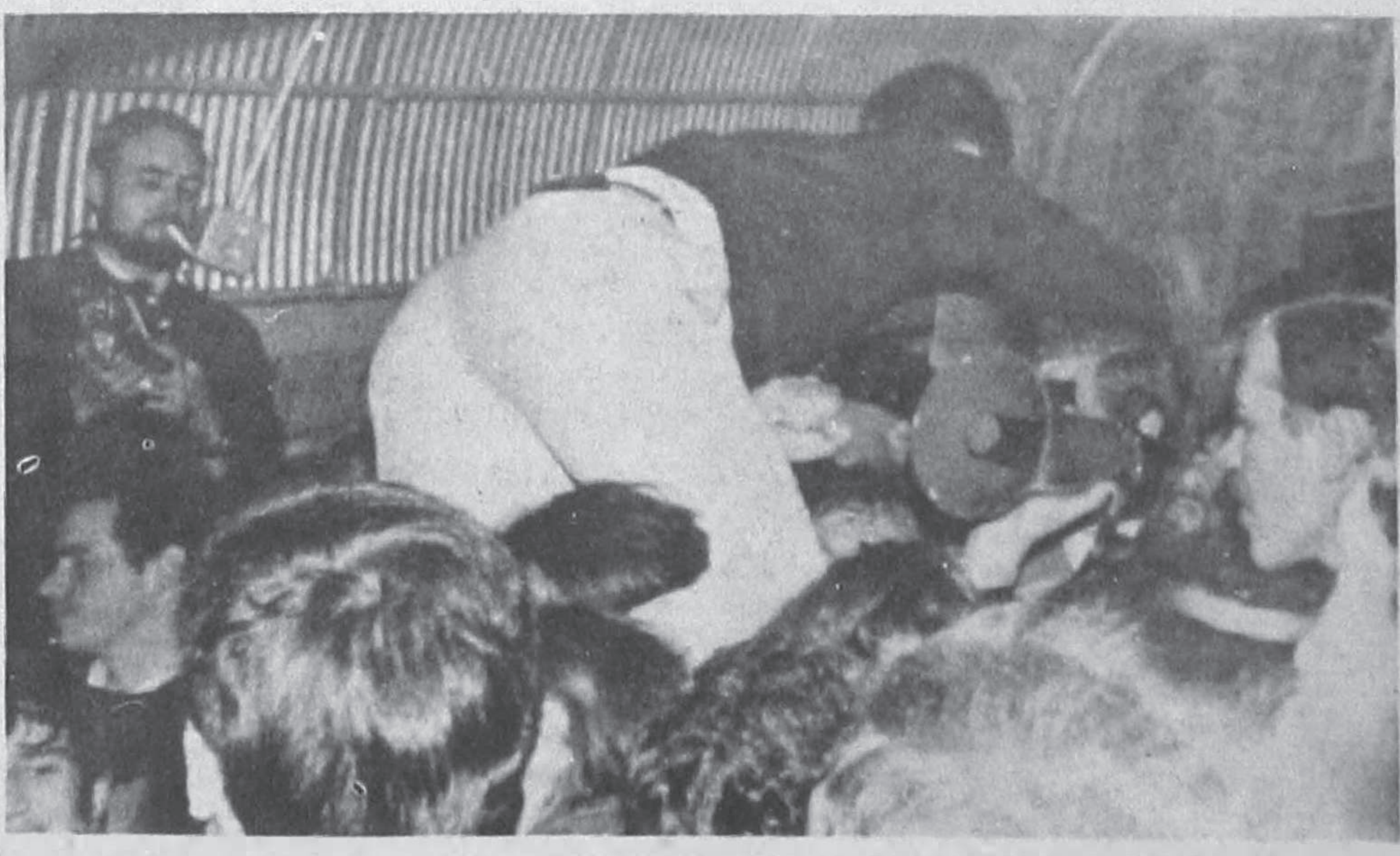
At noon, John Evenden, a 6'3" football player who had climbed over the demonstrators before, returned from talking to the recruiter. Although not sympathetic to the protest, he was appalled by the violence of the counter demonstration. For nearly an hour, he restrained the crowd, telling them that they'd have to take him on before singling out any demonstrator.

University Vice President Willard Boyd and State Senator Tom Riley (from adjoining Linn county) arrived almost simultaneously at about 1:00 p.m. While Boyd attempted to calm things down, Riley was heatedly attacking the demonstrators. Riley said that citizens arrests were legal in Iowa and that the demonstrators were breaking the law. He told the hostile crowd, "Let's get those characters out of here!"

A new wave of violence ensued, in which the campus cops, who had meanwhile, returned, were crushed between the surging groups. After some semblance of order had been restored, Riley made a citizens' arrest of one of the demonstrators and dragged him, with the help of a campus policeman, through the crowd. The counter-demonstrators created a kicking, screaming gauntlet, as he was dragged along.

Arriving at the police station, Riley himself was arrested by a student, under citizens arrest. A complaint was filled for inciting to riot, but the Senator was finally charged only with disorderly conduct.

Shortly afterwards, the authorities found a fittingly ironic conclusion for the day. About 100 police, called in from miles around, arrested 180 demonstrators. After the viciousness of the counter-demonstration, the police seemed absurdly humane. All arrested were out on $25 bail by 7:00 p.m.



Iowa Grid Hero Dives Over Front Line of the Resistance's 1st Team

DAY II
by Robin Lauriault
LIBERATION News Service

Iowa City, Iowa November 3 (LNS) -- Over fifty persons poured paper cups of their own blood on the steps of the Iowa Memorial Union today in a solemn ceremony to protest the presence of U.S. Marine recruiters on the campus of the State University of Iowa.

Earlier in the day, some 250 persons signed their names in blood to a petition to University President Howard R. Bowen, asking him to end university complicity with the U.S. government's involvement in Vietnam to President Johnson, and a pledge to donate blood later for the treatment of "victims of the U.S. war machine," in the words of one demonstrator, were signed at the same time.

The blood spilling ceremony took place close to the scene of Wednesday's mass civil disobedience, at which 108 demonstrators were arrested.

The actual blood-letting took place in the basement of a nearby building. The volunteer nurses were not permitted to let the students' blood, since a doctor was not present. So each person inserted a needle into a vein into his arm, and dripped his blood into a paper cup. One by one the cups were carried outside splashed onto the steps, creating large red pools in the path of any recruitee who wished to visit the uniformed emissaries of death.

Immediately after the ceremony, approximately 500 students faculty members and townsmen marched, singing, up the steep hill from the Union to the former state capital building, which is now the University's administrative center. The march was halted by campus police to give city and country police time to clear a path through the crowds of curious spectators, which included many of the hostile students who had attacked the demonstrators two days earlier.

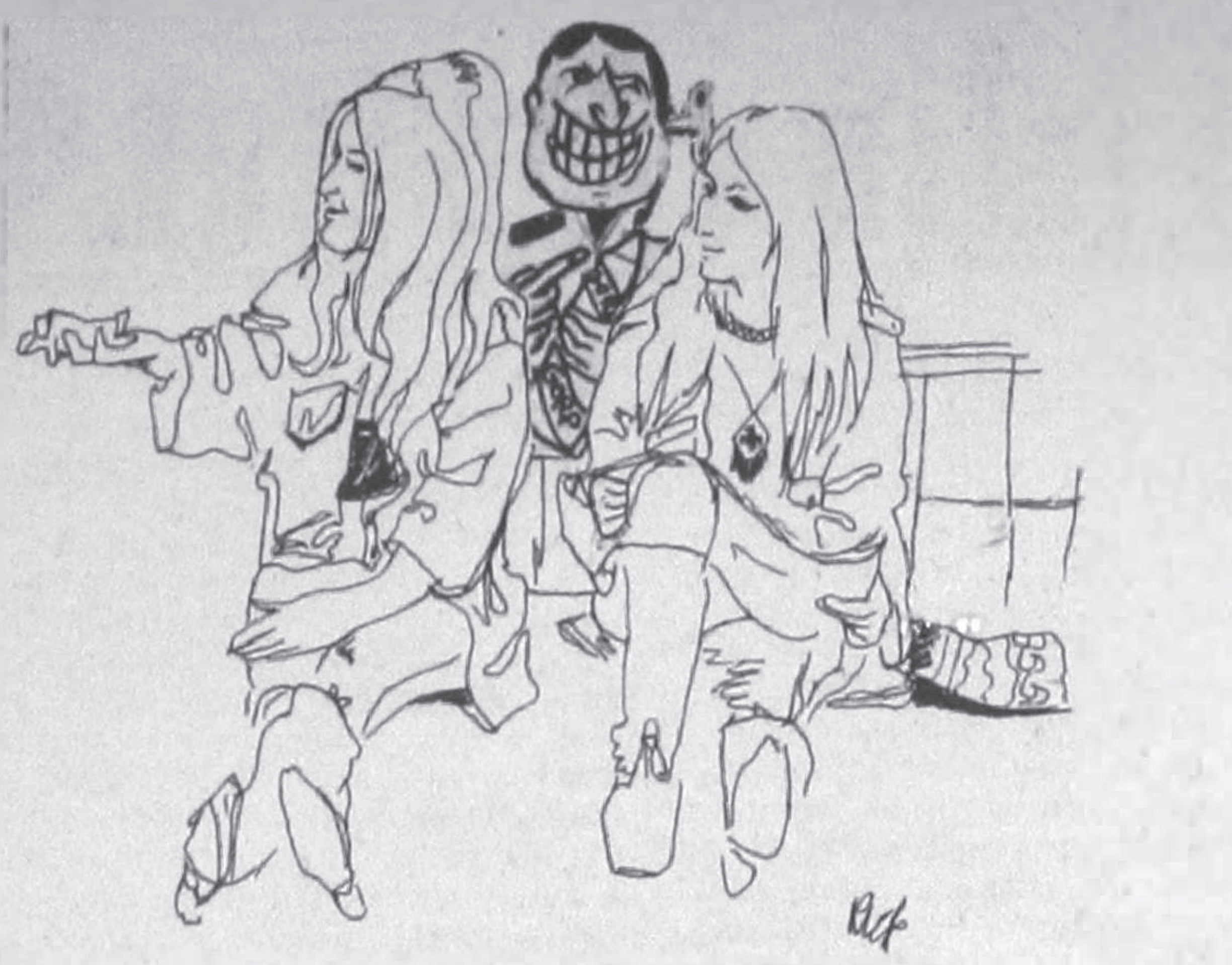
When they reached the building, twelve persons were allowed to enter President Bowen's office to present the petition. The President allowed the group to read

Cont'd on page 16

village theater

CULTURAL IMPERIALISM

by Michael Grossman



The village theater is a large movie house on the lower east side of Manhattan, which recently converted over to Hippiedom. As you come in, you are greeted by the half Village-half Madison ave. appearance of the manager and then led to your numbered seat by a beaded teenybopper.

All the hippie accoutrements are concentrated in the front of the cavernous room which envelops "the audience." Three white tarpaulins, intruding upon the austerity of the stage, are nestled together for the light snow. A few front rows are cleared away for a miniscule dance floor. As a consequence, this standard setting condemns the audience to traditional possivity, rather than encouraging creative, personal interaction with the happening.

The light show itself, provided by the San Francisco Light Co., is excellent. It has an element of diversity both in its mood and imagery that you don't get in D.C.

The rock groups, ranging from country and western to way out electronic experimentalism to the Bach and Brahms organ and piano sound of the Procol Harem were exciting. However, as soon as one began to dig their sound. off would run the group and on stage would trot the MC, replete with continental suit, Belefonte smile and Ed Sullivan in his veins..."and now for another up and coming light in the world of Show Biz," and the next "up and coming light" ground out the sound.

After the fourth performance, a member of one group ran to the mike and frantically announced that the Salvations, who had just played, and members of the light show had just been busted for grass. He tried to yell about the fuzz and ask for a collection, but he was almost pulled off stage, for "the show must goon" (or the next show won't begin at 10:00). And the music kept a grinding.....

The Procol Harem appeared last, and in the best variety show tradition, sang the standbies from their album. They did treat us to one new song--"soon to be release."

Folk Rock can be fast or slow but in either case it is music to go into, to feel, and virbrate with; the outdated variety show context at the Village Theater was repugnant.

There was no spontaneity or freedom. The Village Theater was a reved-up cultural engine, dumping its excrement on everyone.

CIA at U. of Md.

Cont'd from page 6

and thereby accept the assumptions of the opposition that civil liberties is indeed the issue, or to tell it like it is: "The CIA is evil. It must go!"

At the meeting of SDS on Nov. 1, activists seriously confronted the issue of civil liberties in order to resolve the apparent dilemma. On the question of the rights of the CIA, SDS spokesman Bill Gerson stressed that "recruitment is not a basic right, recruitment is not free speech or debate of ideas. It is an institutional operation within the university and, as other such mutually-conducted programs, it too should be decided on its merits. In our opinion, the CIA recruitment does not meet the usual criterion of being in the interests of the university or students, nor conducive to the purposes of education." Others took a more basic view: "the CIA has no rights at all because of its operational destruction of democratic rights and liberties the world over."

More pressing, however, was the charge that the rights of students desiring interviews were violated. This was initially met with arguments: "interested students can go visit the CIA offices" and "job information is not freedom of speech" Impatience with getting bogged down in sophic hair-splitting was finally resolved by the member who asserted: "The CIA is illegitimate and undesirable — like the Mafia. Would the university allow the Mafia on campus to recruit?" and "there is no 'right' to solict jobs to collaborate in illegal and immoral activity."

Another reminded everyone that the struggles of labor for justice had to step on the so-called "rights of business." Even now, the "right-to-work" union-busting laws are an example of lesser rights subservient to the essential rights of working people to a decent wage. Likewise, the long-denied fundamental rights of black people had to overcome the lesser "right" of restaurant owners, employers and public officials to discriminate according to race. Accordingly, the CIA and candidate-agents have no "right" to impose their illegal and anti-democratic practices on anybody.

The sense of the meeting was summed up by the intention not to get hung-up in the false "rights" issue, but to stress the basic evil of the CIA in all public statements to the student body.

SHEILA con't from pg.4

"Miss Ledue said to me: 'If you don't move quick your arm's going to break.'

"I said, 'If it does, we'll know it was no accident.'

"Okay,' she answered.

"They pulled me out into the hall. I was in pain, trying not to scream and panic the other inmates. In the hall they let go of me and I fell to the floor. Then they started dragging me away by the arms to the elevator.

"as I was being dragged, Sgt. Hughes said three times, "I really enjoy this. She was laughing as she spoke.

"As Sgt. Hughes and Miss Ledue were putting me in the elevator, one of them--I could not see which one--gave me a sharp kick in the back. There was no confusion or jostling at the time. I still didn't scream or say anything.

"At the second floor they pulled me out in front of Mrs. Pringle. I was shaken, but I got to my feet. She asked me, "Is there anything wrong with your knees? Your feet?' No, I explained, they grabbed me and would not let me walk here, but there was something wrong with my back and arm. Mrs. Pringle told me they were going to put me in the hole.

"That evening I asked three or four times to see a doctor as it was evident to me that I had suffered some kind of internal injury from the kick in the back. Lt. Jones wrote this request in her log book and called downstairs to the control desk.

"The jail doctor came to see me about 10 the next morning (wed.). He did not examine me.

"On Thursday the symptoms of internal bleeding reoccured and I asked to see the doctor, as he had told me to do. I did not see him.

"On Friday I asked again to see him. My name was put on the sick call list. The doctor was in the jail attending other patients that day but he did not see me.

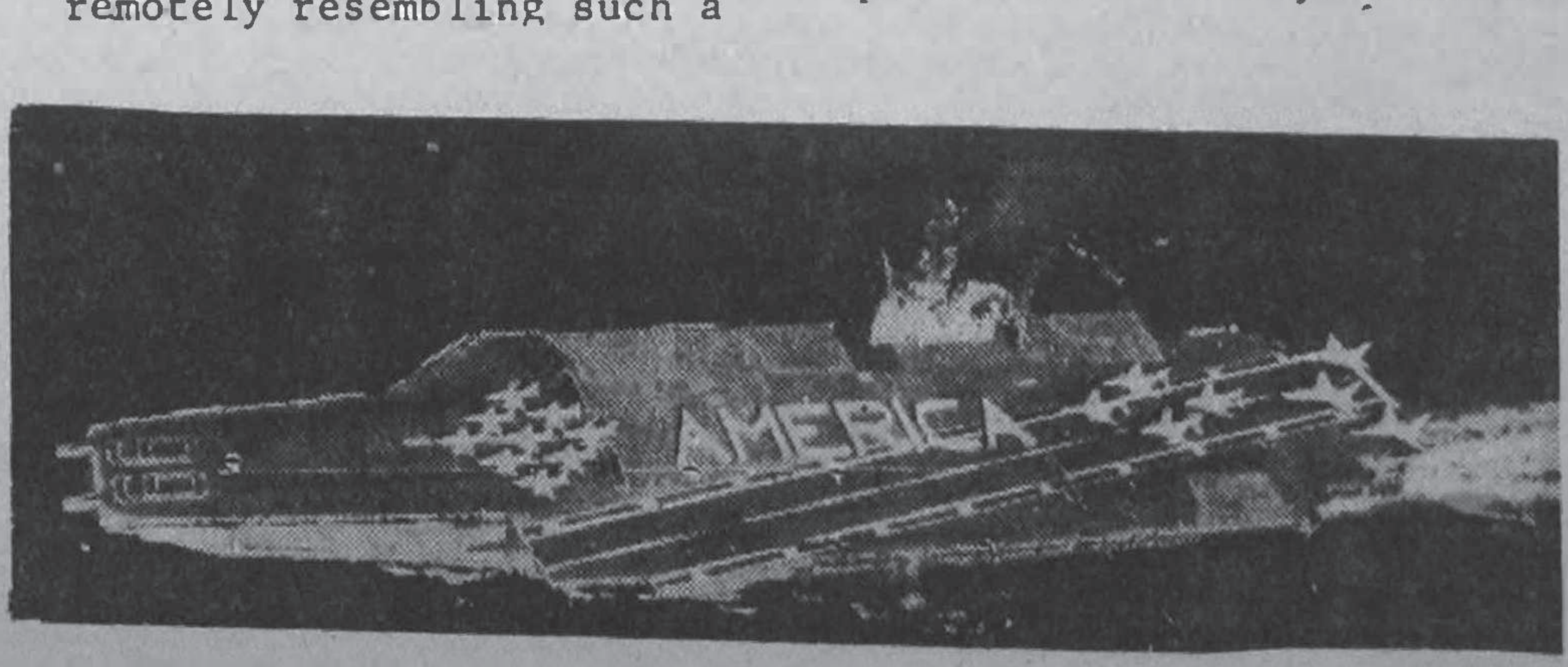
"Pain during the weekend was constant, acute at times; I received no medicine. I was unable to keep down any food and was vomiting after each meal.

"On the morning of Monday, October 30th, six days after the injury, the doctor examined me for the first time. The pain was sharp at this point. He told me he wanted to keep me downstairs in sick bay. He then asked me to step outside his office for a few minutes so he could speak to Mrs. Hardy. When he called me in again, he asked me why I had been kicked. He asked, 'Were you obstructing officers who were removing other people?

"The only incident even remotely resembling such a report, I explained, occurred earlier in the day. I was standing in the hall at some distance from the elevator when one of the officers shouted, 'Clear the hall!' and began to take one of the inmates from a room near the elevator, to the elevator. I paused for a moment in the hall and then Miss Luna took me by the arm and put me in the nearest room and locked it. Miss Luna was not rought with me, I did not resist, the whole incident lasted only a few minutes. I certainly made no attempt to 'obstruct the officers who were removing other people.

"After I had talked to the doctor, I went downstairs to the jail sick bay, a room distinguished from the others by the hospital bed that rolls up and down. I remained in sick bay until Wednesday morning, receiving no special medical care. on Tuesday, I was finally given the medicine prescribed six days earlier.

ALEXANDRIA
Folk-Lore Center
323 Cameron St.
TEACHING
STRINGS AND THINGS
683-4252



sputters in the latin american fuse

by Roger Boyd

After three years in South America, the place where things are supposed to be "happening," I have returned to what some of my Latin friends call the "matrix," the home office -- the U.S.A.

It is only natural that I should find myself making comparisons between the movement here in the United States and the forces for national liberation in the various countries I visited. Perhaps the most striking impression I have concerns the excessive romanticism with which North American radicals view their South American counterparts. The Latin reality -- with certain important exceptions -- is a lot more similar to the North American reality than many of us wouldlike to believe.

That means that the movement there, as here, is frought with frustrations, due to frequent lack of courage and commitment, repressive regimes and widespread apathy on the part of the general public.

It is only natural, perhaps, that we in North America should pin so much hope on the Latin struggle -- and in the long run that hope should not give way to despair.

But let's be realistic.

Remember those first days in 1960 when everyone began to see what the Cuban Revolution was really all about? Fidel and Che and the barbudos rightfully became heroes for the left on both sides of the Rio Grande.

And many people began to look beyond that Caribbean island. Tad Szulc, a New York Times reporter who is known for his doctrinaire social democratic views, wrote a book entitled The Winds of Revolution. Szulc (pronounced Shultz, for those who care to drop names correctly) suggested that reforms were urgently needed to stem the coming revolutionary tide. John Gerassi, the journalist-professor who is an organizer of an anti-imperialist group called the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA), welcomed the revolutionary tide. He called his excellent book The Great Fear: The Reconquest of Latin America by Latin Americans. Other books and magazine articles exploited the theme of "revolution" and "explosion."

The powderkeg, of course, is still there. The elements required to make it explode are also still there. But the creation of the right conditions requires a combination of time, leadership and organization that hardly fits any easy formula. When one travels in South America, one has a deep-seated realization that this system of utter exploitation cannot long endure, that the "exploited masses" (the trite phrase is oh so accurate) will one day be awakened by the spectre that is haunting them. But as one begins to observe the political forces at work, there is a growing realization that the struggle may be long and arduous. Certainly it will not be the relatively easy revolt that some people envisioned in the flush of Fidel's triumph. As a starter, let us recall that Uncle Sam is determined that it will not be an easy revolt!

In most of the Latin nations, the anti-imperialist movement is led by men and women of middle class orgin who are among the elite (2 per cent) who attend university. In some countries the visible movement is restricted, much as in the United States, to intellectuals of middle class origin. This visible, articulate movement has difficulty making meaningful contact with the principal agent of revolution -- namely the workers and peasants. Where contact has been made, other conditions seem to intervene to prevent further political action.

Santo Domingo April, 1965

In Argentina, for example, Peronist-led workers have an admirable sense of contempt for the exploiting classes and for imperialism, but they do not think of themselves as revolutionary socialists, and they seem to be tied more closely to opportunistic union hacks than to left-wing organizers.

In Chile, miners and urban workers led by Communists and Socialists have been asked to place their trust in the electoral system.

In Brazil, the Peasant Leagues in 1962 and 1963 by Francisco Julião, the Recife lawyer, were unable to mobilize in self-defense against the military regime that esstablished itself in a coup d'etat in April 1964.

Brazilian left-wing intellectuals allowed themselves to be tricked into cooperation with the pseudo-reformist regime of President João Goulart. While they enjoyed the fruits of powerless jobs in the Ministry of Education, and while their Marxist-oriented National Union of Students enjoyed a huge government subsidy for publications and trips to Socialist countries, the military establishment and its rosary-bead-fingering right-wing friends went ahead and won the game. It was check mate, and the board was swept clean, except for a few bishops and castles.

A few of the more perspicacious Brazilian intellectuals had been aware of their isolation, even before the coup d'etat. They started a movement known as Popular Culture in an attempt to get through to the lower classes through art, drama and music. Little remains of these attempts, since the right-wing dictatorship prohibits such contact.

Now, the Brazilian left sings left-wing songs to itself and puts on "significant, timely" Brecht plays which no favelado (slum-dweller) ever gets to see.

These Brazilians joke about themselves and have somewhat uncomfortably adopted the name of "festive left." This is somewhat akin to our Old Left concept of "parlor pink." Nor is the "festive left" syndrome very different from the problems and attitudes of many members of the New Left.

Another problem plaguing some elements on the left in South America is an old one -- honesty and clarity, or lack of it. Some people argue that dishonesty or fuzzy thinking is excusable for political ends, but in the long run obfuscation is harmful, whatever the source.

Take the case of El Siglo, the Communist Party daily newspaper published in Santiago, Chile. El Siglo often found it more convenient to make political hay by criticizing U.S. imperialism in a vague way rather than concentrating its attacks on the local and therefore more visible and reachable allies of that imperialism. Sometimes this led to jingoistic appeals to nationalism.

El Siglo ran a whole series of articles concerning Chileans who were fighting in the U.S. forces in Vietnam. The idea was to create a feeling against the U.S. intervention on the grounds that the U.S. was obliging Chileans to fight and die there. But these were not Chilean government troops. Of course there were a handful of Chileans in the U.S. Army, since anyone who enters the U.S. as an immigrant is liable to U.S. draft laws. These Chileans were not heroes, as El Siglo implied, but a new kind of mercenary, serving in the U.S. Army in exchange for the "good life" of the U.S.

Following the El Siglo series, in fact, an article in the right-wing El Mercurio showed that more than one of the Chilean soldiers were "proud" to be fighting Communism in Vietnam (in exchange for a more comfortable life in the U.S. -- if they survived). In short, El Siglo was misleading its readers, providing a false political education. The U.S. intervention is not heinous because they are a handful of Chileans in Vietnam -- there are better reasons for attacking the U.S. In all fairness, it must be said that El Siglo did frequently publish legitimate analyses concerning the U.S. intervention. But the point is that it would be politically more effective for the Latin American left to concentrate on local issues.

America's black power spokesmen say essentially the same thing when they argue that the struggle of the black man per se takes precedence over the antiwar struggle.

There is, I hope, an understanding that these struggles are interrelated, but there is a need to establish priorities. In Latin America, these priorities are not always clearly seen.

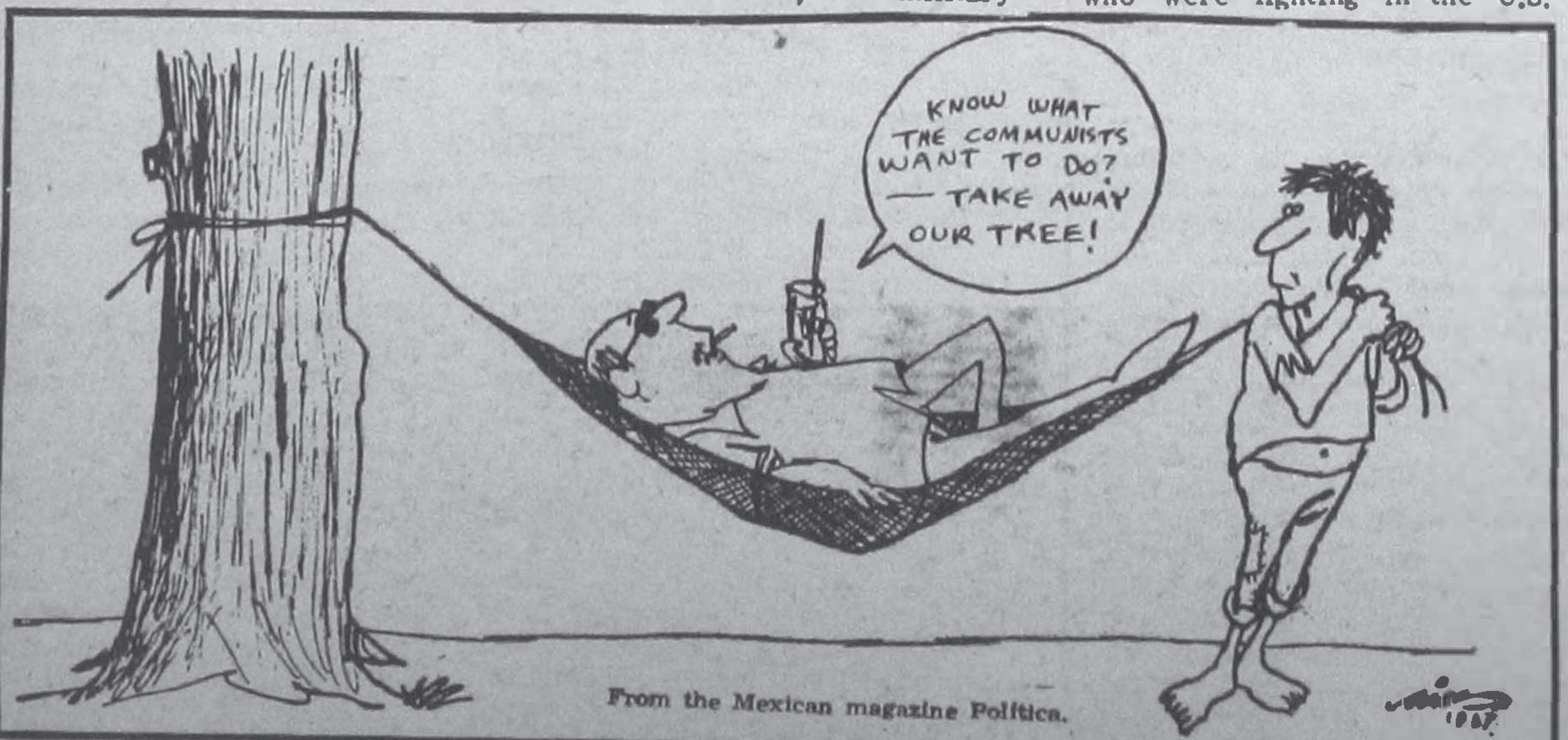
It would certainly be wrong, by the way, to read even such stodgy Communists as the Chileans out of the movement. The Communists need to be pushed, but certainly not forgotten. There are hundreds of thousands of Chilean workers who trust their Communist leaders, who loyally attend party functions, and these workers are needed for the struggle. The quickest road to these workers is through their Communist leaders. This is the reason that the internecine ideological struggles are so important, and why open breaks are avoided when possible.

The Communists cannot be expected to lead, but they may be obliged to follow (as they did in Cuba).

The Communists are not the only ones who sometimes get their priorities mixed up. The University of Texas in Austin and the Universidad de Chile in Santiago had a regular exchange program (discontinued later by Texas for reasons unknown), which was financed by the U.S. State Department. As a norteamericano, I argued with the Chileans that this exchange was a perfect opportunity for Chilean leftists to present their case and win some converts among the Texans, some of whom were liberal types and could have been radicalized by their contact with Latin revolutionaries.

But the Socialist Party youth group (which dominated the campus) decided on another tactic, refusing to carry on a dialogue and burning a U.S. flag when the Texans arrived. Perhaps the Socialists were right, I thought, wondering whether I was merly feeling some sentimental nationalism for my own country. But when Jack Hood Vaughan (then Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs) arrived in Santiago a few days later, the Socialists missed a chance to confront a direct representative of American imperialism (as the Texas group certainly was not). But there was no protest against Vaughan's presence. Whereas the campus protest required little organization and effort, a proper "welcome" for Vaughan would have been a lot of work and risk.

Cont'd on page 16


KNOW WHAT THE COMMUNISTS WANT TO DO? — TAKE AWAY OUR TREE!

From the Mexican magazine Politica.

the
sandal
shop

sandals, handbags,
chairs, belts, jerkins

3223 m st., n.w.
washington, d.c.
phone 333-9333

This Saturday 8:30
Constitution Hall DAR

George Harrison's teacher
the incredible
RAVI
SHANKAR

INDIA'S
GREAT SITARIST
AND COMPOSER
accompanied by
ALLA RAKHA, tabla

Tickets $2.50, 3.25, 4.00
Bonus Coupons Valid

BOX OFFICES: Campbell's, 130
G St., N.W. (NA 8-7332); all
Sears Stores & AAA (10-5:30, Mo
thru Sat.).

A NATIONAL SYMPHONY
PRESENTATION

A new newspaper has made it's appearance in Washington. It's called the WASHINGTON POST *and is a member of the Straight Press Syndicate (SPS). To acquaint our readers with this new publication, we reprint herewith a sample of one of the* POST'S *editorials and two of its columnists.*

The Washington Post

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Undoubtedly, the doves will raise cries that yesterday's dropping of H-Bombs on Peking represents escalation of the war in Viet Nam. This is to be expected of those who have a wholly negative viewpoint of this country's involvement in that suffering nation. The fact is, of course, that we have been bombing Southeast Asia for some time now and yesterday's action represents no change in policy.

The professional critics can also be expected to accuse President Johnson of being a prisoner of his military advisors. This kind of wild charge does not lead to the healthy debate so vital to the democratic process.

However, the more responsible among them will appreciate the terrible burden the President has to carry every day. We can picture the President, alone in his study, knowing that only he can make the decisions. It's a terrible loneliness he bears, a loneliness that would be made just a little bit more tolerable if the "criticizers" would realize that this is the time for all Americans to be united, not divided.

Of course, the right to dissent must be protected. After all, that's what we're fighting for. But the right to dissent carries with it the responsibility to be responsible and, conversly, the responsibility not to be irresponsible.

William S. White

In its battle with the infinite evil of communism in Viet Nam, the United States has been vastly misunderstood. No, on second thought, it is now clearly understood. The members of the International Conspiracy to Overthrow the World by Force and Violence clearly understand now that America will not stand idly by while aggression is being committed against a Free People.

Godless, Atheistic Communism thought that the U.S would not see through their "Wars of National Liberation." But thank God and Ronald Reagan, we have taught them that the Forces of Good are also the Forces of Wisdom.

Unfortunately, there are still many "Americans" who fail to grasp the big picture. These Comsymps and Comdupes do not understand that the United States cancelled the 1956 elections (when the Vietnamese people were still duped enough to have elected Ho Chi Minh) precisely so that truly free elections could be held in 1967. One would hope that the beatnik-dope addicts could see that last month's elections in South Vietnam were absolutely free and honest by the very fact that not a single Commie or even neutral was elected. But that is probably too much to expect from the hippie-deviate mob.

The blindness of the Red perverts knows no limits. These Zionist-homosexuals refuse to see that the United States engulfs people in Napalm only to induce them to go to American military hospitals where we can keep them safe from the Red apes and to provide them with the finest medical care a grateful nation and free enterprise can offer.

These home-grown Trotskyite-Stalinists have not yet learned that our heroic GI's burn villages and crops merely to encourage the peasants to move to one of our modern camps where they can learn what freedom is all about. If the unwashed sex-fiends had to live for a few days in the villages that we burn down or had to eat the crops that we burn they would realize that the peasants are not missing anything.

But, alas, the long-haired subversives learn very slowly. They haven't even learned to appreciate how much freedom they have here. Instead of being thankful for freedom of speech, these barefoot draft dodgers keep on parading and protesting.

But the day of the peacenik nigger-lover is not for long. The United States, Greece, South Africa, Argentina, Spain, Brazil, Formosa, Rhodesia and other freedom-loving nations of the Free World will triumph over the Forces of Evil as sure as Richard Nixon will be our next President.

Joseph Alsop

An Lao, Binh Dinh Province, Vietnam -- The sleek B52's and F-105 Thunderchiefs shone majestically in the moonlight, their throbbing engines like a Beethoven symphony as they prepared to take off to bomb the hell out of North Vietnam. The rains had let up for a while, thank God, allowing OPERATION KILL to proceed as planned.

By day it had been a different story. In the continuous downpour of the monsoon, Marines were digging everywhere. Stripped to the waist in the humid heat, glistening with rain, they looked like animated and formidable bronzes.

Johnny Wasp, lately of Houston, Texas, now of A Company, 1st Battalion, 7th Cavalry Regiment, was talking about his men. His voice was even but you could sense the swell of pride in it. There was big Jim Ryan, a ruddy-faced Irishman from Chicago who had gotten a lot more than his share of VC; Tony Pizza, the wiry and tough Italian kid from Boston who didn't know the meaning of fear; Robinson Cleveland, the large Negro lad from Detroit who spoke with pride of how he was fighting along side his white brothers against a common enemy; and there was Marv Schwartz of Brooklyn whose horn-rimmed glasses and PHD in Philosophy fooled a visitor until he learned that Marv had helped burn down 63 villages -- it brought a smile (and perhaps a tear) to everyone's face to see Marv walking around yelling "kill, kill." Guys like Marv have no time to "intellectualize" like some college professors back home.

The past 3 days had been filled with action for the men of the 7th Cavalry Regiment. They had encountered the 95th Regiment of the 5th North Vietnamese Division at Phuyen and Khanhhon and had so badly mauled this once proud and formidable enemy division that it fled into the high mountains to lick its wounds. It was cruel punishment indeed.

Sgt. Wasp told of the pacification work his men were also involved in. "VC control has been lost in whole districts of the rice plains," he said. On a tour of nearby villages, one could see the beautiful results of what the good sergeant spoke about: there was not a structure still standing in the villages; those crops which hadn't been burned down had been sprayed with insecticides; the whole countryside had been defoliated. Surely, these villages would no longer provide the VC with sanctuaries in which they could terrorize the inhabitants --another dramatic victory for what the boys affectionately referred to as OPERATION GENOCIDE.

I was privileged the next day to be aboard an Air Force Phantom jet as it brought assistance, in the form of napalm, to the beleaguered but courageous American 4th Division, temporarily housed in near Dongha, Quangtri Province. I will never forget the splendour of the incendiary glow that lit up the whole area nor the bitter-sweet smell of burning flesh. Scenes of Fourth of July firework displays from my childhood flooded my consciousness. I fought back tears and my voice rung out loudly and clearly into the night with the Star Spangled Banner.

NOT ALL GREETING CARDS ARE DISTINCTIVE!

When a greeting card is needed for those really gay occasions, Washingtonians know and care enough to send a Lavendar Card. And this Christmas the holiday season will be even brighter if you send an unforgettable Lavendar Original.

THE GAYEST CARDS THIS CHRISTMAS WILL BE

Lavendar

for distinctive tastes.

AT $2.50 A DOZEN
Lavendar Cards are available in Washington at
SPEEDPRINT, INC.
1164 19th St. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED NOW!

AN ALTERNATIVE TO USA HUMUS

article
photographs
Mur

When I got into my head what Dylan sings this ---

for them that must obey authority/ that
they do not respect in any degree/ who
despise their jobs, their destiny/ speak
jealously of them that are free/ do what
they do just to be nothing more than some-
thing they invest in --

my head gave me back a bad picture of decaying leaves --- humus stuff, USA stuff.

For some while my legging internationally so that I have come to understand arounding this humus.

INTERNATIONAL HITCHHIKING

The getting unsticky
The getting trans and kinesthetic

Shouting "Hell, no, we won't go" is not ecstasy.

So, attention this tone --

Issue in the morning of Mur
to blitzing Sweden ------ Istanbul in six days or
to more sniffing casually
Effluxing from my steamy head that -- -
the entrustment Cambridge yes I will India and the
posthead to you, the given is the 50 hairy cut --
filtered dollars I may yes and directly most firstly
to there

or
having been for this some while spaghetti to Paris
and twisting lines to relax in Copenhagen / that eats
well too so, ah

THE MANLY FAITH! ------ get thee to India, Mur,
walk there. Write Murstuff as a wind burned face man
writes, gleaming through the knowing slits of insight
ing eyes
Know guts
Fuck eat quaff create know manly faith.
Walk
So that you may know what is
And you put your creation like a fist on a table to
splinter
Forget sleep! Leave thy covers and downy piles of
lazy flesh overlappings
You and the sun, — get morning friends
Yes fish well
Calculate scrutinizingly so that with your pure and
fiery soul denounce your fact and logic stuff when
the faith wind of wisdom and intuition intoxicates.

Of course, but the also toughnesses,
many
like on the road -- no tools.
Cinemahead without filmstuff
and nobody carries a bassoon,
more toughnesses and maybe —— death.

big daddy eastland honkie hero hit

ncnp

For years, millions of parents have been reading and following Dr. Benjamin Spock's famous baby books. If Senator James O. Eastland (D. Miss.) had done the same, his baby, Creeping McCarthyism (named after a friend of the family) might not be temporarily laid up. Creep stubbed his toe when Daddy Eastland tried to teach him to run -- into Dr. Speck, The National Conference for New Politics (NCNP) and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party (MFDP).

At a press conference held on October 19, Dr. Spock, co-chairman of the NCNP, announced a half-million dollar damage and injunction suit filed jointly by the NCNP and the MFDP. The suit was filed against Senator Eastland, Chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, J.G. Sourwine, Chief Counsel of the Internal Security Subcommittee, Benjamin Mandel, Research Director of same, and agents and employees of the Subcommittee.

"The suit stems from the theft of correspondence between MFDP and NCNP by agents of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and their dissemination in the Congressional Record and elsewhere by Sen. Eastland." (NCNP News Release of Oct. 19, 1967).

Documents and correspondence were stolen from NCNP over a one month period, from about August 1 through September 1, 1967 during illegal searches of the convention headquarters of NCNP.

On Sept. 22, 1967, Sen. Eastland produced these documents on the floor of the Senate and proceeded to insert the texts of these letters (along with some extraneous bullshit) into Volume 113, No. 150, pages S13507 to S13510 of the Congressional Record. The extraneous remarks included: ". . . working hand in glove with the Communist Party of the U.S.A.;" "The original goal of the NCNP was revolution in the United States, and that is its goal today." "The degree of success which may be achieved by the Communist effort will depend. . .upon what proportion of the Negro population can be whipped into line by the black power organizations through which NCNP now is working."

The complaint charges that the documents and letters were stolen to be used to "harass, deter and intimidate MFDP's candidates for local offices in Mississippi, and these who would support these candidates." The complaint also charges that "the defendents were engaged in a conspiracy to deprive the plaintiffs of their rights as guaranteed by the Constitution of the United States, and particularly by the First, Fourth, and Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments."

The NCNP "is a national organization pledged to support the development of local new politics organizations, whereby people can control democratically, the decisions affecting their lives. The MFDP is a multi-racial organization seeking to attain the goal of freedom and equality for all black citizens of Mississippi by political means."

In his harangue, Eastland rhetorically squeaked, "Who can doubt that. . . .these political activities. . . .are a part of the drive to bring about Negro revolution in this country?" If achieving freedom and equality for so long brutally denied is revolution, than so be it.

scef

The U.S. Supreme Court has ordered Julien G. Sourwine, chief attorney for the Eastland Committee, to pay $772 in court costs to the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF).

This is believed to be the first time that an official of one of the investigating committees has had to pay such costs to a civil-rights organization.

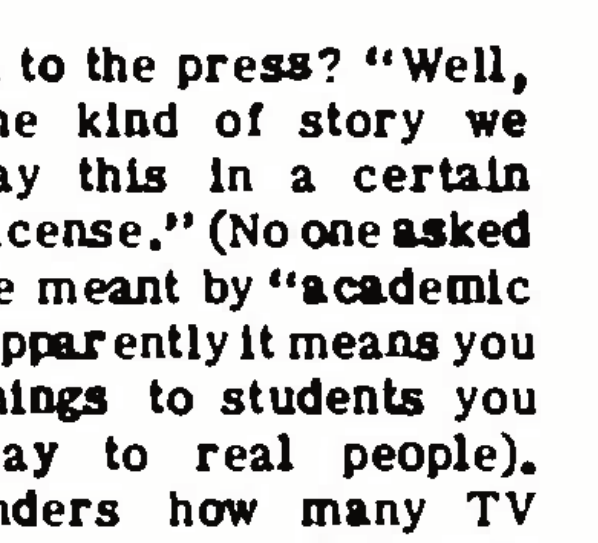
"This represents a real change in the civil-liberties climate in this country," said Arthur Kinoy, one of SCEF's attorneys in its fight with Sourwine and Sen. James Eastland of Mississippi. "It is further proof that employees of these committees are not above the law and shall be held to account for their actions."

SCEF sued Eastland and Sourwine for $250,000 each as a result of raids on offices and homes of its officers in New Orleans, La. in October, 1963. Two SCEF officers were arrested.

The civil-rights organization charged that Eastland and Sourwine helped plan the raid, in which all of SCEF's records were taken by police. Eastland later had the records moved across the state line into Mississippi at midnight, and then to Washington.

The U.S. Supreme Court killed all charges resulting from the raids and arrests, and ordered return of the records. The court later ruled that Eastland could not be sued for his actions but that Sourwine could. Last week the court ruled that Sourwine would have to pay SCEF for court fees and the cost of printing the record in the case. Hearing of the $250,000 suit is due to start soon.

"HIPPIE" COPS MAKE SCENE



by Bill Hobbs

Teams of U.S. Army "infiltrators," dressed like hippies, were spread throughout the crowd of demonstrators during the anti-war demonstration at the Pentagon October 21.

"There were more men infiltrated by us into the crowd at this demonstration that at any event I can remember. Our infiltrators were the worst looking ones out there," Col. George Creel, Assistant Chief of the Army's public information office, told a George Washington University public relations class last week.

Exactly what role the "infiltrators" played during the demonstration was left unclear by the Colonel, who began clamming up when asked for more information by students.

"They were in radio contact with each other and with the Army operations center in the Pentagon," he said, and they acted in disciplined units, "with certain people designated to make decisions."

"How many infiltrators were there," a student asked.

"Enough," said the Colonel.

Would the Colonel give this information to the press? "Well, it's not the kind of story we push. I say this in a certain academic license." (No one asked him what he meant by "academic license;" apparently it means you can say things to students you wouldn't say to real people).

One wonders how many TV cameramen, eager to find their perfect stereotype of a hippie demonstrator, spent their time filming no one but the "worst looking ones out there," which Col. Creel and the Army public relations machine had conveniently supplied.

What role did the Army infiltrators among the demonstrators play in the "violence of the demonstrators" against the troops? One does not have to be paranoid to imagine that the role was a large one.

About a month ago the Army staged a mock "riot" at Ft. Belvoir, Va. to provide training for its troops, since more and more of them are expected to see duty in American cities as the Great Society comes apart at the seams.

As reported on television (NBC), this "mock riot" included squads of troops dressed like the Army thinks rioters dress (complete with beards and signs proclaiming the virtues of acid), and behaving like the Army thinks rioters behave (charging the troops, grabbing their rifles, etc.).

Many of the same troops used as mock rioters at Ft. Belvior last month were probably used as "infiltrators" at the Pentagon last week. They were nearby, already had the beards, and supposedly knew how to behave like a demonstrator at a "riot," which is what the Army expected the October 21 demonstration to be.

(Col. Creel still expected it to be a riot a week after it was all over. He kept refering to it as "the Pentagon riot" until one of the students called him on it, when he admitted almost wistfully that it was only a demonstration).

Thus the U.S. Army put teams of "the worst looking ones out there" into the crowd of demonstrators after telling them to behave like demonstrators behave at what the Army and the mass media all expected to be a riot.

Is it odd to assume that some of them followed orders?

This is perhaps too sinister a thought for people who still want to believe that our military commanders are really good fellows who make little mistakes occasionally.

But if the Pentagon can send 500,000 troops and millions of tons of bombs down on a small Asian country in the name of peace, why should it hesitate to send a few riot-starters into its own parking lot in the name of crowd control?

Were the "demonstrators" the Pentagon said were tear-gassing themselves really "demonstrators" or "infiltrators?"

Were the soldiers who supposedly defected from the line of troops just guys who suddenly remembered that they had received a different duty assignment that day?

Was the white guy waving the "No Vietnamese Ever Called Me Nigger" sign really an infiltrator counting demonstrators and paying no attention to what sign he had picked up?

Was the whole October 21 demonstration really a spectacular side-show staged by the U.S. Army with technical assistance from Daryl F. Zanuck for the benefit of the Washington Post and NBC-TV?

Only Col. Creel knows for sure, and he isn't talking because it has been rumored that he is really a crazy pot-head demonstrator whom the peace creeps have infiltrated into the Pentagon.

Cont'd from page 2

Pentagon "Wedge" Clarified

TO THE EDITOR:

On several occasions I've tried to reach Margie Stamberg to correct some inaccuracies in her article about the Wedge, printed in the Pentagon Special (WFP). I think it might be helpful to clarify my participation when the Wedge began to move. At about midnight when the marshals began to act in an aggressive way toward the people in the Central Front, Cathy Wilkerson, of SDS, who had the main bullhorn, was trying to give people the opportunity to leave if they felt their persons endangered by the troops. She was trying to allow people who were in the front ranks the opportunity to decide whether they wanted to stay or not. The person on the other bullhorn, John, evidently of the Revolutionary Contingent was encouraging people to stay where they were and "fight back." Some serious disagreements occurred between the two bullhorns. Also, both were operating from a flat truck and not down where the people were, so communication between people operating the bullhorns and the people sitting was poor. Since certain forms of demoralization were setting in, people who were trying to cope with this urged that noone talk on the bullhorns anymore. A third bullhorn which was available was not being used. Bob Greenblatt, National Coordinator of the Mobilization, was able to get to that bullhorn and urged people to continue. He then gave the bullhorn to the person who was leading the singing.

The marshals moved in with the wedge which was a very frightening experience for many people. The whole left side center looked as if it were going to be attacked by the marshals. The general feeling was that the people would be slaughtered. At that point I took the 3rd bullhorn and moved away from the falt truck and into the center of the group. I spotted Jerry Rubin and Stu Alpert to insure good communication. Then with them at my side, I proceeded to use a tactic--and solely a tactic--to protect the people from what seemed to be impending violence by the marshals. The tactic was to challenge directly the authority of those who ordered the Wedge formation and those urging the marshals to further violence. Also, it was an attempt to solidify those demonstrating to develop a sense of confidence in them that what they were dong was right. The tactic was (1) to ask who had ordered the marshals to move as they did in violation of the accords and (2) to develop a division between the troops and the absentee authority who ordered the troops to move as they did.

The sole purpose was to protect our people from being seriously and brutally injured. This was not an effort to base the confrontation on the legal permit, but rather to use the permit as a tactic to stop violence by the marshals. General response of people was that the delaying tactic had succeeded. It had stopped the marshals' violence and was the beginnig of communication with the troops.

I do not remember McNamara's appearance being reported. The delaying tactic kept the marshals from moving in further with the Wedge and gave the demonstrators the opportunity to become more solidified.

SIDNEY PECK,
CO-CHAIRMAN
NATIONAL MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE

The Military Mind

To the Editor:

A few days ago, I received a phone call from a friend of mine who promised me an interesting evening if I could come to his place for dinner. Being the young equivalent of a dirty old man, the word "interesting" conjured up visions of naked chicks prancing around in a haze of pot smoke and wine fumes. . . The vision was shattered when he called back and told me to "dress properly."

And so I went, thinking somber thoughts of fried chicken and apple pie spiced with Mannischewitz Rasberry; interesting, ha!

I rang the doorbell, uneasy in my proper (cleaned) demins when omegod! I stared at him: crewcut, uniform and shined shoes. A MARINE ! ! !. He stared at me: A LONG-HAIRED-BLUE-JEANED-BEARDED-SNEAKER - WEARING PERVERT ! ! !

The introductions were uneasily performed by the host-(that bastard). The conversation went haltingly for the first hour or so, then started to loosen up. I found out he had enlisted and had just returned from his second voluntary tour of duty in Viet Nam, that he was married and had a kid named John in Florida, and that he had a two month leave. He was hoping for another tour but was fairly sure he wouldn't be sent back, even though he wanted to be.

We skirted the inevitable for awhile, and then I finally popped THE question. "The war? Yeah, I'm for it," he said. "I like it. It's the ultimate test. It's the only way you can tell just what you are. I get a kick out of it. You know, a couple of years ago, the idea of killing somebody really sickened me, and all through the training I kept thinking that I wouldn't do it, that it was all a tremendous joke... The first time I killed a V.C. I got sick, I threw up all over the place and started to cry. Then the second time it wasn't too bad, and the third, well, I kind of enjoyed it. Afterwards it became a sort of passion....I remember once we had capture six of them and we lined them up against a wall. We told them to talk, and they wouldn't. We killed the first one, shot him through the head, and then the second and the third. The fourth one talked. "About three weeks ago I shot a little boy. He had the biggest Goddam rifle staring at me. As it turned out it wasn't loaded, but you can't ever trust anyone. One of my friends got blown up by a cow that had a grenade tied to its belly. From that day on I stopped asking questions. Hell, you can't tell the friends from the foes. They're just like niggers, all look alike. We stormed a village and burned up everything, just before I left. Killed a couple of pigs and one old man who kept saying someting no one could understand.

"But some of those V.C.'s are tough. We had one that had been shot through the ass, and he just wouldn't talk. Well we wired up his balls and let him have a couple of jolts and believe me, we couldn't stop him from jabbering afterwards. Sure it's rotten, but they do the same thing to us.

"They're all Commie anyway. We've been told not to regard them as humans, and to a great extent they aren't. We saw a deserted camp once. No latrines, no water, they live like pigs. Did you know that they sometimes had women live with them in that jungle? We caught one once, and everybody in the platoon had a go at her. She was good looking too....

"Anyway, the point is you've got to look out for yourself. If something moves, you shoot it. A little girl with big brown eyes might come up to you and stab you in the stomach. So you shoot.

"No, we don't think of why we're here. The fact is that we are. And since we are, we make the best of it. You can't be bothered by too many questions. If you are, you crack up. If you start asking the why and when and who of it, you won't make it. And that's the sole purpose, to make it through today to tomorrow."

My denims felt dirty. My head itched. I was thinking of this letter I would write:

> Dear Draft board,
>
> I am a homosexual with flat feet and bad eyes. Furthermore I do not believe anymore in God, the Country, the Flag, Mother or Apple Pie. . . . I am sure you would not want me.

Alonzo Bistro

(Ed. note: the above name is a psuedonym requested by the author).

DINGANE'S DEN
House of Jazz
featuring
The Turning Point Modern Jazz Quintet
Friday and Saturday
and the F. R. E. B. O. P. Quintet
every Thursday evening

phone 232-9329
2106 18th St. NW
(closed Mondays)
Student night --
every Wednesday

Fabulous

Freak-Out Week/Freak-Out Prices

BLEECKER STREET SHOP
1665 Wisconsin Ave. 10am/10 pm

Dear Friends,

As a by-product of the Pentagon Confrontation we have found, to our surprise, that there are a few people who are still unaware the demise of the Revolutionary Contingent, and who still associate our committee, and its actions and NLF flags, with the rump remnats of the bankrupt Revolutionary Contingent (R.C.).

Of particular concern is the otherwise accurate, comprehensive and commendable coverage in the Washington Free Press. In the two major articles, encompassing the front cover and the following 4 pages (including the excellent Battle Map on page 2), the actions and position of the U.S. Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam (NLF Committee) are erroneously attributed to the R.C. This was undoubtedly largely due to the official designation by the Spring Mobilization of the NLF Committee and its associates and followers, as the 'Vietnamese Contingent' (Section G) of the scheduled march line-up. This section was led by Mr. Nguyen Van Luy, the Vietnamese speaker at the Lincoln Memorial Rally (and associate of the NLF Committee) and Walter Teague, Chairman of the NLF Committee.

John A. Cronick,
U.S. Committee to Aid the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam, New York City

Dear Editor,

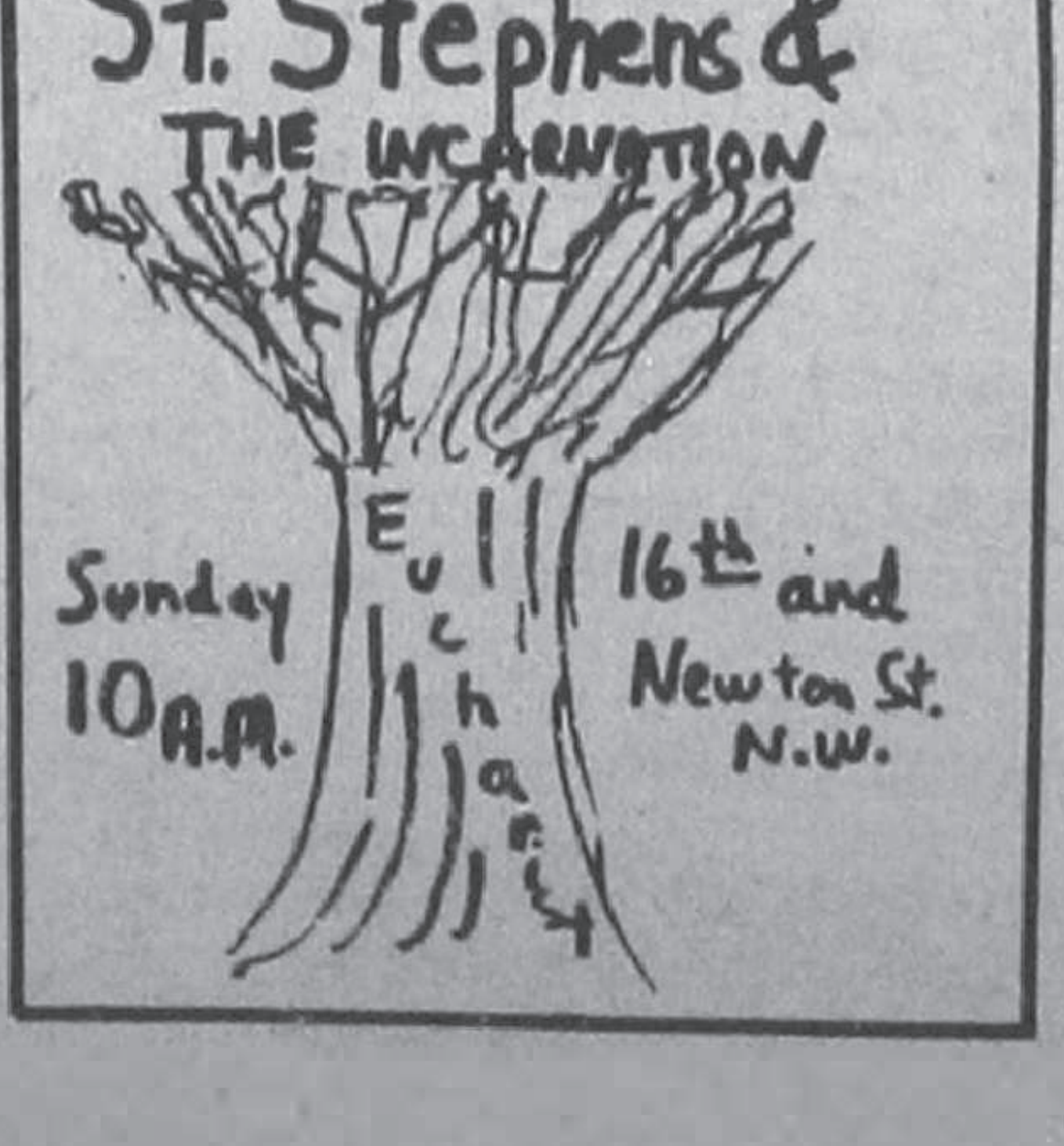
In reference to your article Radio Blues (Oct. 31) I'd like to inform you and your reading public of something they are obviously missing out on. Georgetown's WGTB-FM (90.1) has this year inaugurated an album rock policy. Every Monday thru Friday from 11:10 P.M. to 1 A.M. is a show called the Fifth Dimension, which features anything from Country Joe to Eric Andersen. This show can be heard from 10 until Midnight on Saturday & Sunday, with Sunday's special feature show "The History of Rock" from 8 P.M. until 10 P.M. The shows are handled by students of the university and the station is non-commercial therefore giving you virtually "wall to wall music." I myself do a show on Thursdays and in my last two show have featured the New Doors Album in its entirely and the Grateful Dead. This week I'll feature Arlo Guthrie's "Alice's Restaurant." Each night of the week is handled by a different person, so naturally the format is varied with each personality. However, in all honesty I must say that WGTB-FM (90.1) is the best station in D.C.

I suggest you tune in.

Walter L. Egare

P.S. Now that WOR-FM has gone the way of cousin Brucie, the Fifth Dimension could be the most hip show on the East Coast.

Cont'd on page 16



GEORGE DEVINCENT
PHOTOGRAPHER
232-5855

DATE BY
COMPUTER
783-6700
DATE MATE

Free Press CULTURE

DuPre Jones

Although the decline of John Huston has been going on for about fifteen years now, it is still a melancholy duty to cite its latest manifestation. Part of Huston's trouble, I think, is his inability or unwillingness to choose subjects fitted to his interests and temperament. The network of interlocking perversions and neuroses in Reflections in a Golden Eye, for example, might have been right down Joseph Losey's or Arthur Penn's alley, but it is no more suitable a vehicle for Huston's talents than was Night of the Iguana several years ago. The only scene he handles here with any real verve is characteristically Hustonian: a magnificent tracking shot of Marlon Brando on a runaway stallion.

I have half a dozen movies to report on this time, so I shall spare us a Golden Eye plot summary. Brando gives a very uneven performance as a queer army officer, Brian Keith an excellent one as a heterosexual officer, and Elizabeth Taylor and Julie Harris perfunctory ones as their respective wives. The film is printed in a new color process which virtually eliminates all colors but red; it's sort of a super Sepiatone. This picture, by the way, has been "condemned" by the Roman Catholic Office of Motion Pictures (formerly the Legion of Decency!) This organization, to borrow one of its own phrases, is morally objectionable for all.

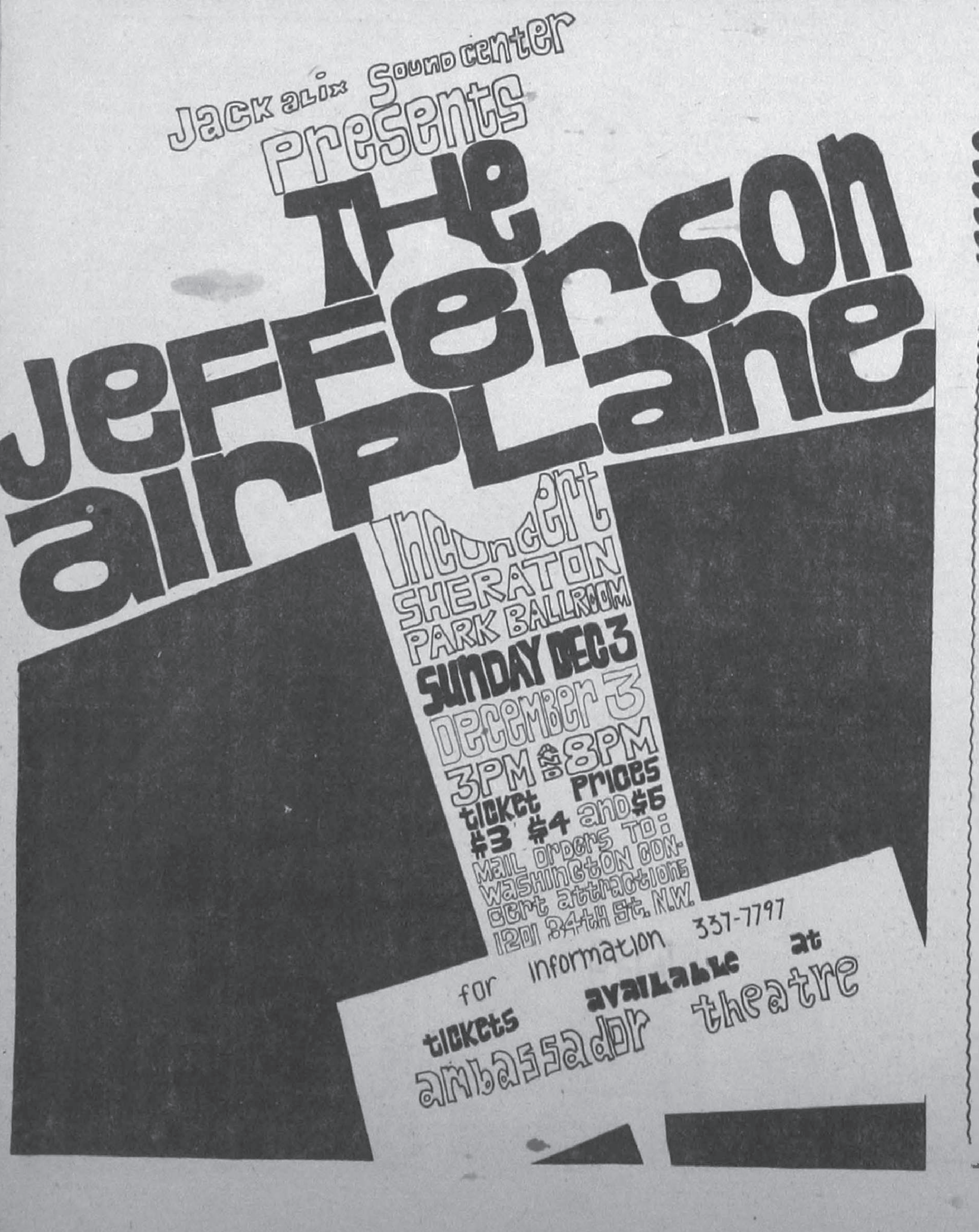
• • • • • • • • • •

I don't know why people dare to submit themselves to the scrutiny of the cinema verite boys. Several thousand feet of film later and anyone is bound to look like a jerk. This is especially true of show business people: usually arrogant and narcissistic to begin with, their popularity depends upon the carefully created myth of their on-stage or on-screen image. Once the real Rock Whammer is observed at work and play and sweat, the myth is punctured. Cult idol Bob Dylan is the study of a documentary called Don't Look Back which will not destroy his charisma, but is likely to leave a few dents in it. When he is talking with friends or with other singers, Dylan can be attractive and charming. His put-ons and put-downs of reporters are effective and often funny ("I'm as good a singer as Caruso. I hit all the notes. I can hold my breath three times as long. . .") But when he is putting on a fatuous and utterly hapless young Englishman, he is only being petty and cruel. And when he gets into a silly squabble over a broken glass, he loses the cool which is so necessary for the maintenance of his popular image. All things considered, though, Dylan survives cinema verite pretty well. The film features a number of his songs, Joan Baez, Donovan, and the customary horrifying insight into the workings of show biz. Note, in particular, a price-haggling session between Dylan's manager, who looks like a depraved cherub, and a smarmy English booking agent.

• • • • • • • • • •

IN BRIEF: Writing of Masculine-Feminine last issue just about exhausted me on the subject of Godard, so I'll deal more tersely with Le Petit Soldat, which succeeded M-F at the Biograph. Le petit soldat is a young French army deserter living in Geneva, disillusioned with politics, and trying to get out of the business of spying for the Arabs. We follow him as he cops out on an assignment, tries to break free of the spy apparatus, meets Anna Karina, is captured and tortured by the French, and "escapes" to an existentially bleak tomorrow. Although the film is technically one of Godard's livelier ones -- very much in the Breathless style--only real fans will fail to respond to it with annoyance. By "real fans," I mean those who don't mind how self-indulgent, sophomoric, or precious the director allows himself to be; in this case, there's a great deal to overlook. Once again, the surfaces are brilliant, but the substance is little more than an exercise in fin-de-siecle romanticism. . . Rough Night in Jericho is a fast moving but undistinguished Western with Dean Martin as a thoroughly reprehensible villain (yes, Dean Martin), and Slim Pickens as an even nastier heavy. Both come to a messy end at the hands of George Peppard, the good guy. It's all pretty bloody... The Film Flam Man is a folksy comedy in which George C. Scott essays the role of a W.C. Fields-type con man at large in the rural south. The first half or so flickers by winningly--it features a gang-up car chase that is, for a change, really funny--but then shadows of realism show up to cast a pall over the proceedings. Scott's performance, like Irvin Kershner's director, is mechanically correct without ever catching fire. Despite some fetching location shooting, the movie seldom captures a real sense of place.

Still, next to Sidney Lumet, Kershner is becoming the best hack among East Coast directors ...Some people who've just seen Jean Renior's lovely A Day in the Country tend to raise an eyebrow and say "nice, but dated, you know," a reaction which astonishes me. It's as if the movie were not about 1900 but made in 1900. These people will probably make the same evaluation of a recently resuscitated 1932 Renoir, Boudu Saved from Drowning, but don't be fooled: for all his deceptive gentleness and simplicity, Renoir is ageless. It's the modish times that are out of whack. Boudu--portrayed by the incomparable and ageless Michael Simon--is a tramp rescued from suicide by a bourgeois. The benefactor is repaid by Boudu's seducing his wife, ruining the linen, and expectorating in a first-edition Balzac--altogether unregenerate behavior of a most refreshing kind. The Biograph astutely booked Boudu with four Charlie Chaplin shorts. Just in case you've forgotten, Chaplin's tramp was a pretty feisty little bastard himself.



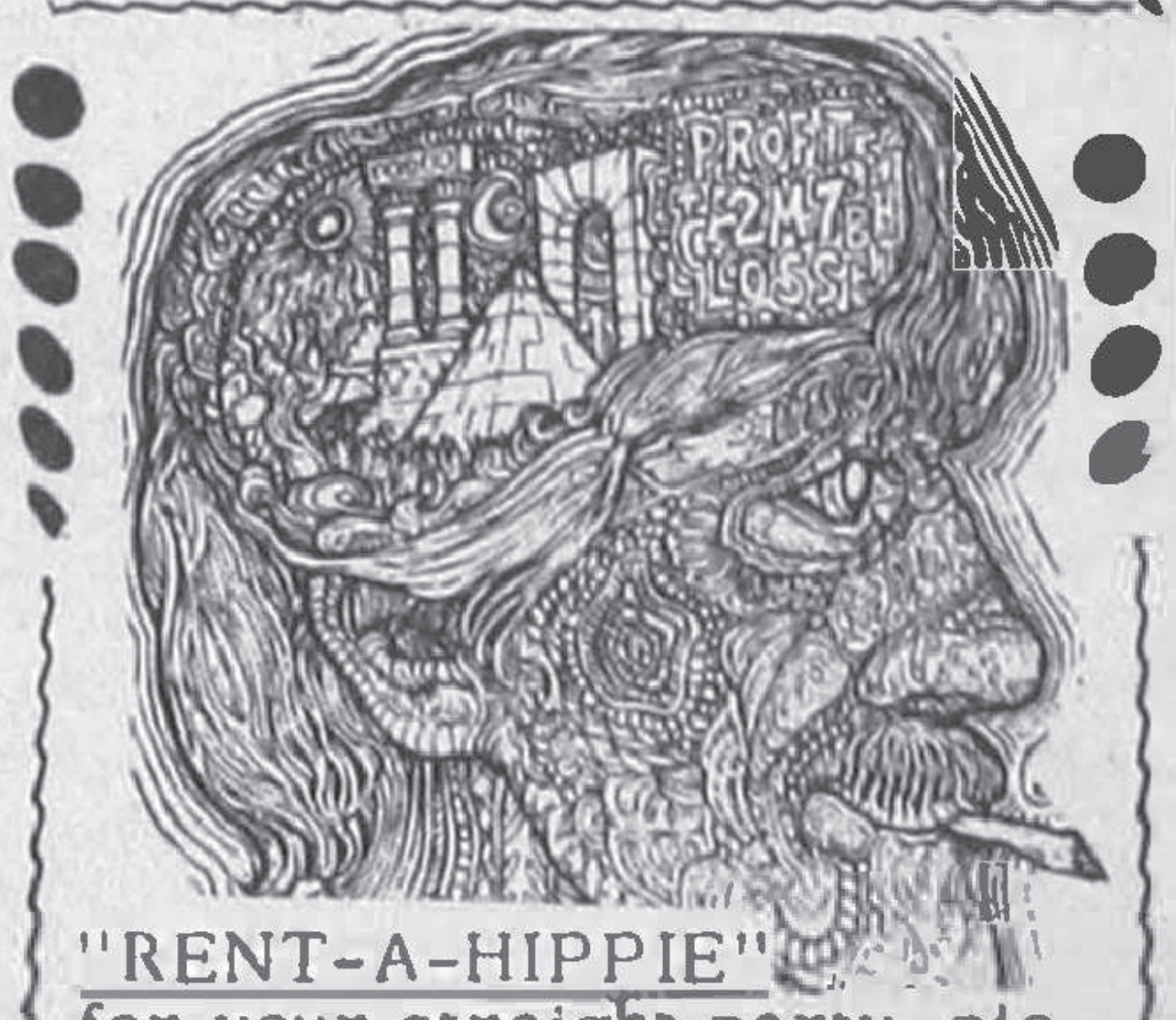
TOPLESS

. . . bottomless, bikinied, undressed, down-to-the-nitty-gritty chicks. 850 uninhibited poses. All liberally built—(and liberal minded)! 76 pages full. Underground pix of frolicking flower kittens who are playmates, models, starlets, strippers. All poses. All positions. Lying down, bending down, curled up. Freaking freely! Free-thinking girls in a groovy-size 8½x11 photo pin-up book. Girlsville! An all-time collection of outasite nature girls from Sweden, France, Austria, Israel, Sunset Strip, Vegas, Frisco, the Caribbean. Blow your mind on this round-the-world love-in! Turns-you-on or your bread begrudgingly refunded. Just $5 ppd. bags you the whole bird collection. Mailed in ye olde plaine browne wrapper (add 75c for rush handling). Like . . . do it now. Bruno Bernard's

GIRLOGRAPHY-AROUND-THE-WORLD,

Dept. WP1116 1800 North Highland Avenue, Hollywood, California 90028 (ALSO: color slide sets of same chicks: #1 - LUV NYMPHS, #2 - FREAK-OUT CHICKS (Europe), #3 - FEMMES FROM FLICKS, #4 - VEGAS FLOWER-KITTENS. $5 ppd. for each set of 16).

Uschi Mood, German


"RENT-A-HIPPIE" for your straight party, picnic, masked ball, barbecue, Irish brawl, embassy affair, etc., etc.

Hippies are guaranteed to add life and interest to any party: they're what's happening. Our hippies are actors, artists, musicians, craftsmen, writers, mystics, and students who will mingle (in full costume*) with your guests and converse knowledgeably on their fields, the youth scene, tripping and goofing, where it's at. . .and maybe where you're at.

At $5 a head, you can rent 2-20 hippies for at least 2 hours for your next party, a party your guests will talk about for months.

For further details, phone Rent-a-Hippie: 244-8946

This is a STONEDCRAFT project, in co-operation with Yonder's Wall, the Neo-American Church, and Acid-Heads Anonymous. All rights deserved.

*everyday (which is wild enough!) or theatrical.

"LENNY BRUCE"

The Only Film Ever Made of Lenny Bruce In a Complete Night Club Performance, Unedited. Unexpurgated.

August 1965. Courts in 2 states were pressing convictions against him. Years of legal battles lay behind him. His funds and energies were ebbing. Clubs were refusing him a voice. 2 nights after this film was made, he closed his last regular engagement. A few one-nighters followed, then nothing. In preparation for this filming, Lenny performed and listened to 15 hours of tapes. Then 2 film run-throughs which didn't satisfy him. Then THIS performance. One hour of Lenny at his dazzling best. He talks of his New York court fight, transcript in hand, redramatizing ALL that he was found guilty of and fighting for at the time of his death. Also included: Father Flotsky, President Johnson, women, and much more. Slashing, poking, loving. Lenny Bruce tirelessly examines the world and somehow finds the laugh.

Lenny, who was rarely satisfied with any of his work, called this "maybe the best thing I've ever done." He wanted it to be called simply "Lenny Bruce." He hoped it would be shown unedited, unexpurgated. It will be.

Thur/Fri
6, 7:30, 9, 10:30
Sat/Sun
1:30, 3, 4:30, 6,
7:30, 9, 10:30

the BIOGRAPH
2819 m st. n.w.
georgetown
fe-3-2696

PHIL OCHS

OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS . . . there really are no words to be wrung from an adman's skills to decorate the art of a poet who dyes his mind in music and makes it sing and dance to the meter of humanity's joys and follies. PHIL OCHS is a poet who has stretched his art beyond the accepted limitations of the industry of recorded sound. There are few words now...nor next week. Nor ever. PHIL OCHS (and what and who and why he is) is all there in the album; even the word "album" is inadequate. What PHIL OCHS has created is a movie without pictures. See it in the nearest drive-in (which is your own mind).

Look outside the window—there's a woman being grabbed.
They dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain.
But Monopoly is so much fun—I'd hate to blow the game . . .

Riding down the highway, yes my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars have piled up—they're hanging on a cliff
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing-chain
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain . . .

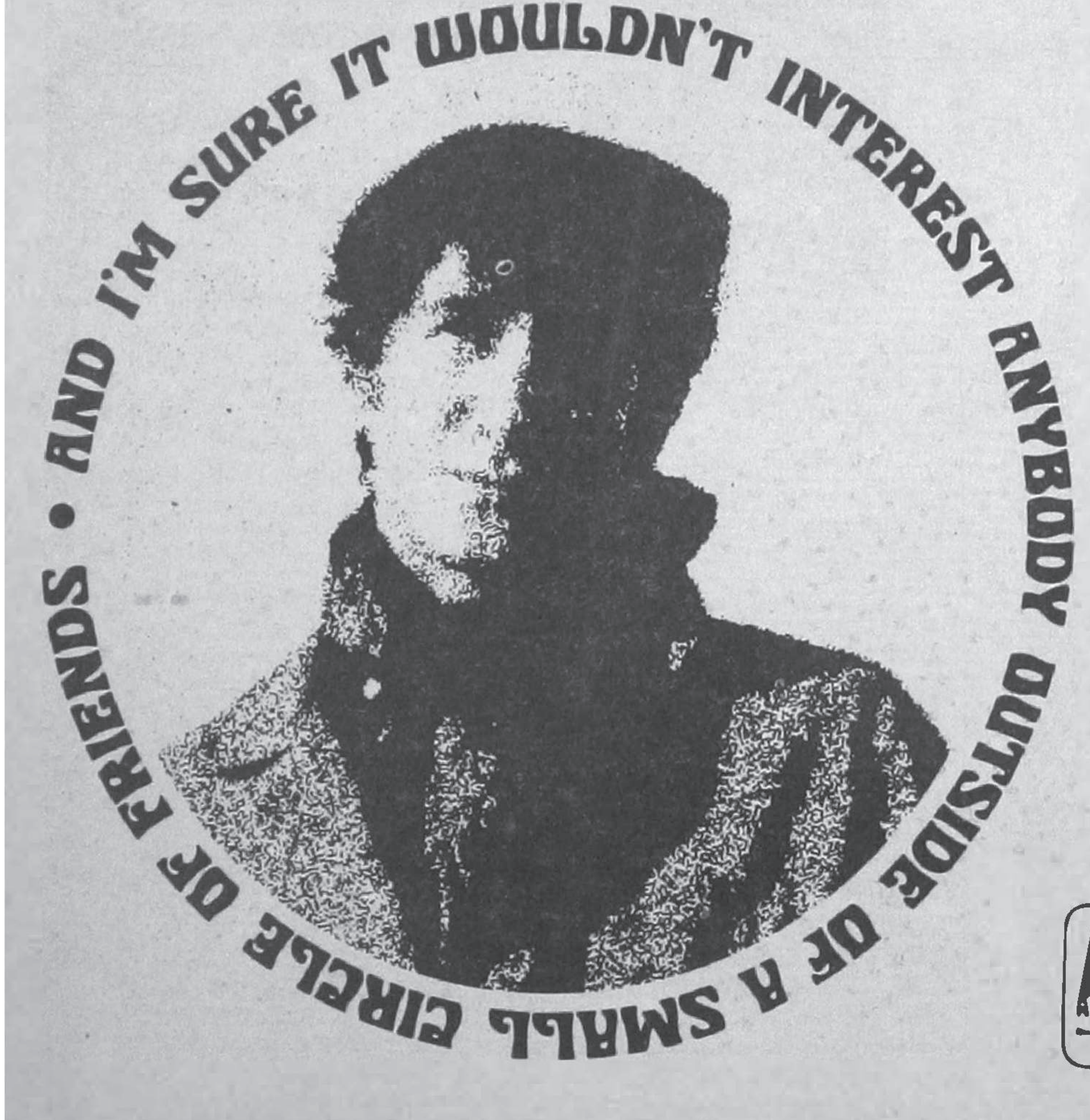
Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops—
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops . . .

There's a dirty paper, using sex to make a sale
The Supreme Court was so upset they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times . . .

Smoking marijuana is more fun than drinking beer
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why—
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high . . .

But outside of the small circle of friends is a large rhomboid embracing most of the people of the world who are waiting for friendship, praying to belong, aching for comfort. PHIL OCHS' album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" is like the coming of a Dawn—it is not an Answer, but it offers the opportunity of an Awakening.

The album "PLEASURES OF THE HARBOR" (and the songs within its tracks; "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" is one) is tossed into the rhomboid in the hope that a few more minds may be spun inside the small circle of friends and, thus, the circle may be enlarged.


AND I'M SURE IT WOULDN'T INTEREST ANYBODY OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS •

A&M RECORDS

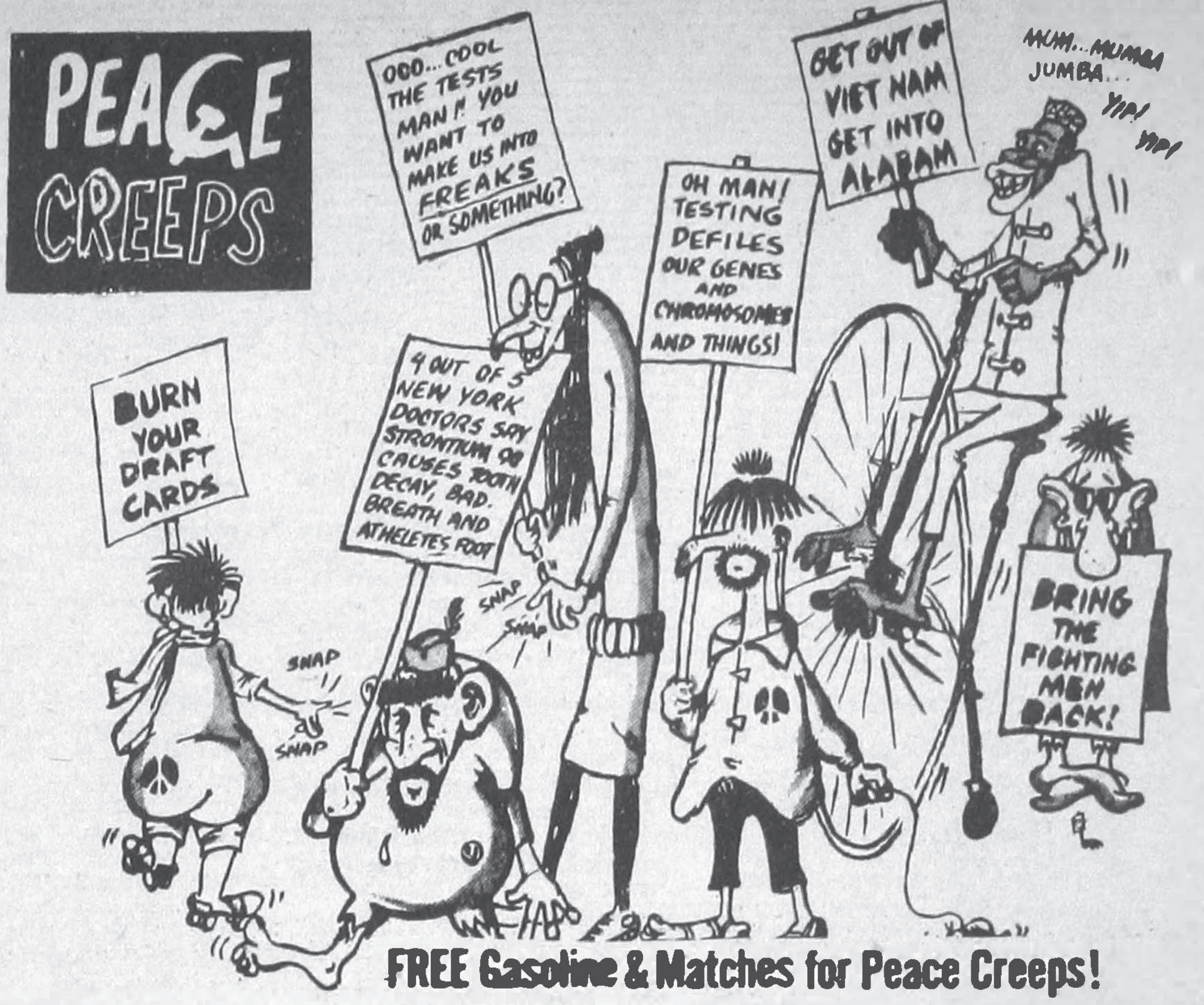
AND I'M SURE IT WOULDN'T INTEREST ANYBODY OUTSIDE OF A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS •

PHIL OCHS

UBER ALLES... somebody turn them on.

Interview by
Jane Silver

GAS THE VIET CONG!


PEACE CREEPS
BURN YOUR DRAFT CARDS
OOO... COOL THE TESTS MAN!! YOU WANT TO MAKE US INTO FREAKS OR SOMETHING?
4 OUT OF 5 NEW YORK DOCTORS SAY STRONTIUM 90 CAUSES TOOTH DECAY, BAD. BREATH AND ATHELETES FOOT
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
SNAP
OH MAN! TESTING DEFILES OUR GENES AND CHROMOSOMES AND THINGS!
GET OUT OF VIET NAM GET INTO ALABAM
MUM... MUMBA JUMBA...
YIP! YIP!
BRING THE FIGHTING MEN BACK!

FREE Gasoline & Matches for Peace Creeps!

CONTACT: American Nazi Party, P. O. Box 5505
ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA or call 534-3476!!!!

The following is based on conversations between a Washington Free Press staffer and 2 members of the American Nazi Party on Oct. 20 when the Nazis were heckling demonstrators at the Justice Dept. who were there to protest the draft.

The first conversation is with a Sgt. Drager.

Q. Why do you equate Jews with Communism so much?

A. There are 400 Commisars in Russia — 365 are Jews. Communism is a Jewish movement — Marx was Jewish and Breshnev's wife is Jewish.

The ONLY Communist Party in the Middle East is in Israel.

Q. Do you have American Nazi Party chapters on college campuses?

A. We have many chapters but they're not open.

Q. How do you think these people here today should be stopped?

A. With as much force as possible — arrests, beat them, throw them out in the streets. Check the leadership — you can tell the Communist groups. It would end if the leaders were dead.

Michael Steward — 19 years old, born in Chicago but lives in Arlington, Va.; graduated from high school last year — been in the party 1 year.

Q. What do your parents think of your activity?

A. They support me 100%.

Q. Are they members of the American Nazi Party?

A. No. But they support me 100%.

Steward told me he knew these creeps were Communists because he lived with them for two days. He moved into the Catholic Worker House — he found out about the leadership, what they had planned, and reported that they didn't suspect him.

Steward said that what he saw there would shock any American. There was a woman with her blouse open, feeding her baby in front of a room full of men. They were also holding a sex orgy in one big room — mixed couples — "niggers and whites."

"I even participated in one of their demonstrations — at American U.," he said.

"All creeps go around the Catholic Worker — ain't got no money, ain't got no work — go there just to sponge."

"We (A.N.P.) preach love — we love only the white race."

A "creep" came over and they asked him "When's the last time you took a bath?" He answered, "yesterday." Are you sure, they kept asking him. Are you a Communist pig like the rest of them bums?

Q. Where do you get your arm bands?

A. They're manufactured in our plant in Dallas, Texas

Q. What do you think of President Johnson?

A. Who? LB Jew? Our policy in Vietnam is win and get out. But President Johnson has so many Communist traitors in his cabinet, they won't let him do it.

Q. How could we win?

A. Use the A bomb — the H bome — we could do it in 5 minutes.

Q. What do you think about the assassination of George Lincoln Rockwell?

A. If John Patler did it — it was a Marxist plot. Patler was kicked out of the party last year for having Marxist leanings.

Q. Do you believe he was an infiltrator?

A. He lied to us in the beginning and falsified his application.

Q. Do you have to apply to join the A.N.P.?

A. Yes and your application is reviewed by an officer. For the SS (Stormtroopers) there is then a 3 month probation period. These are called PT — Probationary Troopers.

Q. What does the SS do?

A. We're going to organize a guard for the white race — to be called the WHITE GUARD. They're going to protect white people in the streets during riots.

I got nothing against niggers — don't get me wrong. But we don't want to mix — there should be a separation — back to Africa. We're gonna give each Negro $10,000 to start in Africa when we get it.

Q. What does black power mean to you?

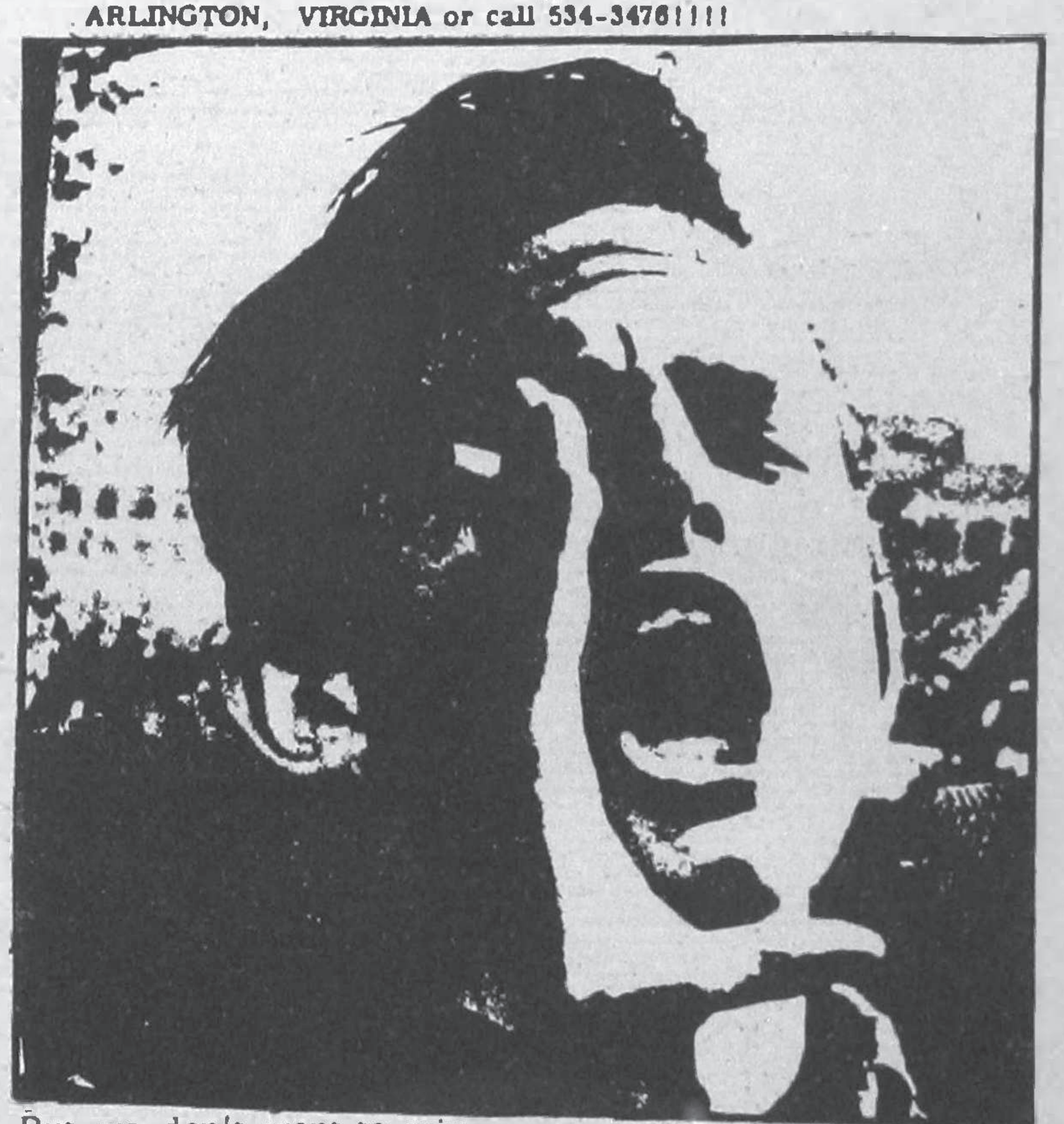
A. To wipe out the white race. It's a slogan originated by Communist-W.E.B. DuBois. Martin Luther King is a Communist. We have a picture of him at Communist Training School. King belongs to 61 Communist organizations.

Q. How many times have you been arrested?

A. A number of times. At almost every demo — some of our men are arrested. It's necessary.

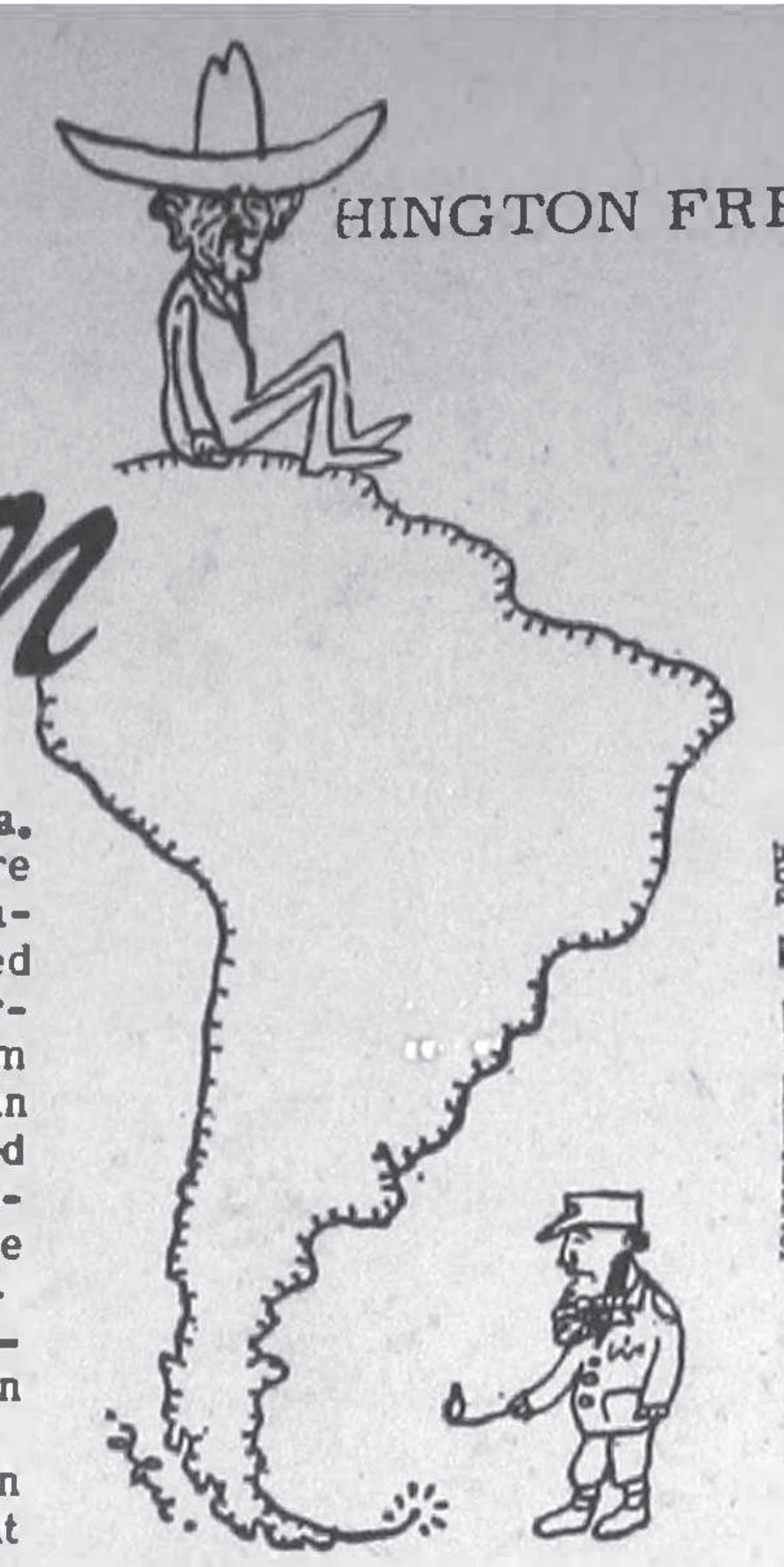
Q. Have you or any of your members ever been beaten by the police?

A. No



S.A. REVOLUTION

Cont'd from page 9



Abu in the Manchester Guardian

The Latin American leftists, like their North American counterparts, are also guilty of romantic fantasies. They are more optimistic than they ought to be about the way things are going up here in the "home office." Left-wing Catholic (a legitimate though not always reliable part of the movement force, in my judgement), many Communists, and other assorted leftist types are guilty of holding excessively sanguine views about U.S. politics. Their heroes are John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy and Senator William Fulbright. (The knowledgeable and more savy revolutionaries avoid these pitfalls -- but their kind, who read, for example, Monthly Review's Spanish edition, are, of course, a minority.)

The Kennedys and the Fulbrights become heroes partly through a desperation to see a ray of hope in Washington and partly through lack of knowledge. When Bobby Kennedy visited South America last year, he received a mixed reception in some areas, but was cheered in Brazil because he made some facile comments against military dictatorship. Every Latin I talked to was surprised and shocked to learn how Bobby started his career -- by working for Joe McCarthy and by attacking one of the few militant trade unionists left in North America. In fact, it struck me that the North American movement and the Latin American movement ought to have more contact to close the knowledge gap and to help **each other on key issues.**

There is often a feeling of impotence among the members of the movement in South America. This is due in part to the nature of the adversary: U.S. imperialism allied with a well-organized ruling clique. This clique is formidable in its traditional form (military strongarm one-man rule as in Paraguay), its modified traditional form (mollified dictatorship with a democratic facade as in Brazil), and its modernized from (reformist "democratic left" government as in President Frei's Chile).

There is also the realization on the part of many movement members, primarily those in the universities, that they will eventually be absorbed into some profession and effectively be defused as movement ammunition. Furthermore, distance from workers and peasants is overwhelming.

The parallels for the U.S. new left are clear: our mighty fortress government, the ability of the society to absorb dissenters, the inability of leftists to put their message across to the populace at large

Perhaps this is a grim picture.

But there is a bright side.

The people in Latin America have a "gut reaction" that gets down to the core. They are not victims of a Cold War education nearly to the extent that North Americans are.

Basically, the Latins know that the U.S. is imperialistic; they know they are being exploited. Even the bourgeoisie recognizes these basic political facts, especially on the international scene. I found no Latin Americans, with the exception of military men, who supported the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, nor did I find one who believe the Warren Report version of the Kennedy assassination..

Simultaneously, Marxism, co,-munism and socialist are not the bugaboos that they are in the United States (though military dictatorships have outdone U.S. McCarthyism by far). The works of Paul Baran, Herbert Aptheker, Paul Sweezy and C. Wright Mills, for example, are much more widely known in South America than in North America. What's more, down there they are published by major, reputable publishing houses, and they appear regularly in the libraries of most university students, and, even more important, university professors. (In a future issue of the Free Press, I will discuss the alarming new situation that threatens the traditional freedom and radical stance of the Latin American universities.)

In addition, the history and theory of modern Marxism-Leninism is in many ways better suited to developments in Latin American than to those in North America. We need a new Marxism more than they do. Take the case of the traditional Marxian agent of revolution -- downtrodden workers and peasants. Well, to put it succinctly, this much they have down there. We don't have very many of them, and that creates a theoretical gap which must be dealt with.

The Latin lands, improverished and underdeveloped and desperate, also have the undeniable history of at least four nations (Russia, China, Yugoslavia and Cuba), also impoverished, underdeveloped and desperate, who found their own revolutionary way to a new and better road. The fact that one of these nations is truly a blood brother is not to be overlooked.

Finally, in many of the nations there is a history of a struggle begun. There is the struggle of the Indians against the Spanish conquistadors, of the criollos (native-born whites) against the Spanish Crown, and more recently the embryonic guerrilla struggle of the workers and peasants and their intellectual allies against U.S. imperialism and its local agents.

Brazil, with a historical mystique of passivity, may be a significant exception, but fighting traditions are an integral part of the Latin scene. Violence is as Latin American as a hot tamale or a cool samba. Beyond this, there is the daily violence of the old order -- the violence of rampant infant mortality, of workers who eat no meat, of peasants without land, or a growing military establishment, of massive and repeated U.S. intervention, of a continent in conflict with a colosus..

As the nature of this conflict is bared to the people of Latin America and to their potential allies in the people of the United States, victory will be significantly closer.

What does all this mean for the movement here in the U.S.? For whatever it's worth, it means that our problems are not so very different from the problems faced abroad. It means that there is no point in wasting time romanticizing about "la revolucion," but to do something about organizing and creating a feasible agent for change here at home. Most of all, the realization that they still have a lot of work to do down there should make us redouble our efforts here..

While not romanticizing and while bolstering our own determination to struggle, however, there are important emotional dividends to be gained from the Latin American struggle. The simple economic and social facts of life in the region must make us increasingly aware of the pain and suffering caused in large part by the policy of our government. The story of Latin America should make us angry and determined. It should also make us proud, with a pride in our companions-in-arms, men and women with whom, some day, in the true sense of the words companero and companheiro, we shall break bread together.

CIRCLE
Fri., Sat. --- Nov. 10, 11
Magnificent Seven and
Fistful of Dollars
Sun. -- Mon. --- Nov. 12-13
Hard Day's Night/
Golden Age of Comedy
(Laurel and Hardy)
and W. C. Fields
in Pharmacist, Barbarship,
and Fatal Glass of Beer
Tues. --- Nov. 14
The Last Ten Days and
The Last Bridge
Wed. --- Nov. 15
The Countess of Hong Kong
and Arabesque
Fri. - Sat. - Sun. --- Nov. 16-18
Masculine/ Feminine
and The Married Woman
Mon. -- Wed. --- Nov. 19-21
The War Game,
Dr. Strangelove
and the Triumph of the Will.
21st & Penna. Ave. N.W.
FE 7-4470
THEATER

FREE PRESS STAFF
EVICTED
from
community house/
we need a new pad
(cheap).

Make some money
Sell
the Free Press
Office/ 1703 R St. NW
Phone 332-4938

GOTHAM
GIFTS
HAS
BLOW
YOUR MIND
928 F NW

NUDISCOVER
Meet interesting people near you who enjoy nudism Any age. Married/single. Male female. Send $1.00
Alan Tuck Associates
Dept. WFP, P.O. Box 1532
Union, N.J. 07083

jail brutality

Cont'd from page 3

actions and protested that I was unable to see without my glasses, which I had not been without since my arrival here because I am unable to do without them at all."

The officer retorted that Lois wouldnt need her glasses because there was nothing to see where she was going.

Lois continued: "I was now standing near the entranceway to a corridor which the officers did not name for me, but which I guessed from association was what the inmates call the "hole," which is the place where people brought in drunk are put and where several demonstrators had been dragged during the proceeding week for various reasons. . .Officer Hawkins grabbed my left arm and pulled me. I do not remember precisely what happened at this point, but I do know that several others pounced on me and that by some means, no longer at all under my control, I was arrived at the cell doorway. . . The Officer that I have identified. . .as Waller, grabbed my left arm and began to twist it. I was being tugged in all directions. . .two people yanked me into the cell by my hair and another had a leg. While this scuffle was going on I noticed that the policeman who had been in the lobby was now bending or keeling on my left. It is most probable that he was holding my left arm or side; he was definitely involved and not merely an on-looker. Each of my limbs was in some way captive. Without speaking to me someone began ripping off my clothing. I screamed out 'What are you trying to do?" I received no answer but they . . .continued pulling at me, . . .My blouse was ripped down the front, and the upper buttons ripped off, and my bra straps were ripped off so that I was exposed from the waist up, although the clothing was still on my back. I said 'There is a man in here' and I asked him to leave. I saw him get up a little from his kneeling position, but I know that he did not leave immediately as he was still there when an officer, who I have identified as Waller, got behind me. She. . .reached her arm around my neck and got me into a hold that prevented me from breathing. The others were yanking me in different directions. . .The policeman, who was standing to my left, told me, 'Now why don't you act like a lady.'. . ."I felt myself beginning to faint; I was very frightened about the thought of suffocation and remember wondering what it was that I was supposed to do, what I could do that would have pleased them and made them release their hold. Finally I was able to turn my neck slightly to the right and gasp that I gave up. I believe that they then let go; I do not remember precisely what was going on. The first thing I remember was putting a mattress on the floor, getting blankets and lying down."

Lois told the Free Press reporter that she did not lose consciousness during the ordeal at any time. "I wish I could have," she said.

A gray-haired newswoman told the freed prisoner that she was trying to understand "your generation," but that she couldnt understand why Gary Rader and Jerry Kauffman were still fasting. "Don't they realize what it could do to their health now — and in the future?", she asked. "And twenty years from . now their political views might be different."

Carlos C. Van Leer, Jr. of the "Veterans STARS AND STRIPES FOR PEACE" suggested that the lady go to see the prisoners and ask them whey they continued to fast.

After the press conference was over, the television crews moved their cameras and lights, which had been set up but then not used because, as one said, "everybody telling their story will take more footage than we can use." The equipment was moved to the back room of the Alumini Lounge in McDonough Gym, where the cameramen staged a rerun of what they and their viewers would want to see and hear — and could stomach.

Cont'd from page 12

no deviates

Dear Editor:

I would just like to comment on the letter from "a fellow student, a human being." (Oct. 31 issue, addressed to "Dear Deviates) I personally think, from reading his letter, that he is a misguided "superpatriot" who is blindly following the "American tradition" and cannot see that in many ways the United States is becoming a dictator to the rest of the world.

His talk about the so-called "lies" concerning American soldiers in Viet Nam is a lot of rubbish. I happen to know, from talking with a Marine, that many U.S. soldiers turn into animals and that very often they have to be sent to other countires to be re-civilized before returning to the United States. As a result of being animals they have no qualms about killing civilians. Is he proud of "our animals in Viet Nam?"

His statement about your being a minute minority is untrue. The only possible truth in the statement is that a small minority of people read the Free Press, but the number of people who agree with you is far from a small minority. It is still a minority, but a minority made up of people who do some real thinking instead of just believing what they are told by the "almighty United States government" which in fact is not the same as the government started by George Washington. The writer of the letter must be a rather stupid person who wants to keep pretending to be upholding the "American Way" when in reality he is helping create the downfall of any decent civilization in this country. Whether he knows it or not things have changed in the last few years and people can not go on pretending to be "real Americans."

Bruce Moseley
St. Andres's School
Middletown, Delaware 19709

iowa

Cont'd from page 7

the first paragrapn of the petition, and then announced he had to leave for a previous engagement.

Several individuals who had scheduled interviews with the Dow recruitment team, which had planned to visit the campus next week, said that their interviews were cancelled today without explanation. The university would not comment.

"dear Gen. Marsbars..."

ADVICE TO THE DRAFT RESISTER

Dear General Marsbars:
I am 17-1/2 years old. My birthday is coming up in February, and then I have to face the draft. Should I run away to Canada now, or what?

Too Brave to Kill

Dear Brave:
If you are residing in a foreign country on your 18th birthday, you may register at any U.S. Consular office, giving your U.S. residential address. Now dig this: Local Board Memoramdum #73 states that any person who has registered on reaching his 18th birthday while outside of the U.S., may not be ordered to report for induction or for a pre-induction physical unless he reenters the U.S. after having registered. So long as you can stay abroad, you are immune from the draft.

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:
I have heard somewhere that General Hershey (no pun intended) has published a list of diseases, injuries, and jobs that carry automatic deferments. Where would I get such a list?

H.P.

Dear H.P.:
For the Surgeon-General's List of Disqualifying Physical Conditions (with Appendix), write to: Surgeon -General, U.S. Army, 1715 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20360. You may also obtain this list by writing L.A. Women Strike for Peace, 5899, W. Pico, Los Angeles, California, 90019. For the List of Essential Activities and Occupations, write the National Security Council, Washington, D.C. 20506 or the Scientific Manpower Commission, 2101 Constitution Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20418.

These are not necessarily automatic deferments — but because most local boards will be using these lists as a guide, you should treat them as fairly safe bets.

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:
What is a good quick way to convince my draft board I am subversive and crazy at the same time?

Subversive and Crazy

General Marsbars as a Child

Dear S & C:
Send them a Christmas gift subscription to the Washington FREE PRESS!

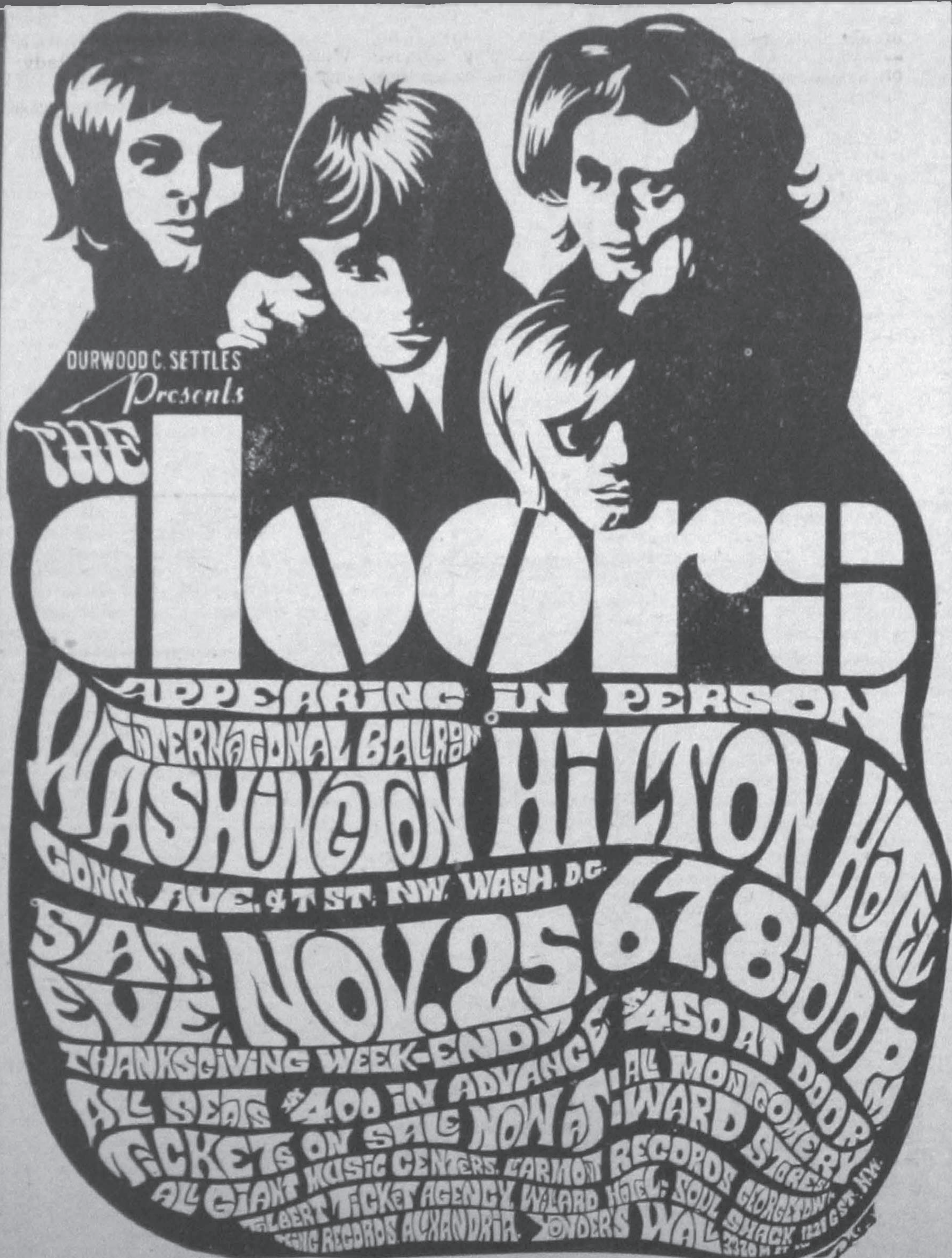
Santa Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:
I am thinking of going AWOL from this lousy base, but I don't have the first idea of what to do once I run away. Help!

No Name Given

Dear Friend:
Call me on the FREE PRESS phone, 332-4938, which is obviously tapped. I will then give you a public phone which you can reach me on. Then we can talk more freely. There are plenty of lawyers and others who are ready and willing to help you.

General Marsbars


DURWOOD C. SETTLES
Presents
THE
doors
APPEARING IN PERSON
INTERNATIONAL BALLROOM
WASHINGTON HILTON HOTEL
CONN. AVE. & T ST. NW. WASH. D.C.
SAT. EVE. NOV. 25, 67, 8:00 PM
THANKSGIVING WEEK-END
$4.50 AT DOOR
ALL SEATS $4.00 IN ADVANCE
TICKETS ON SALE NOW AT: ALL MONTGOMERY WARD STORES;
ALL GIANT MUSIC CENTERS, LARMONT RECORDS GEORGETOWN;
ALBERT TICKET AGENCY, WILLARD HOTEL; SOUL SHACK 1221 G ST. NW;
KING RECORDS ALEXANDRIA; YONDER'S WALL 3320 M ST.
Also, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band.

High School Blues

To the Editor,
Help! I am slowly but systematically being turned-off at my local high school. I and my comrades are being brainwashed by baggy-panted sadist-homosexuals and their female counterparts. The principal is a hairy sex fiend, complete with castration complex (the hair-cutting syndrome, you know). We are constantly force-fed bullshit about how we're here "to learn and that's all," but I think this whole sterilized set-up is just our beloved President's plot to turn American children into mass-produced plastic zombies. I've heard from reliable sources that our teachers are trained (in C.I.A.-financed 5th rate Virginia teachers' college) to become God-fearing, Commie-hating, bourgeois conservatives.

Something's got to be done, and fast - the whole Senior Class has been indoctrinated; they are ready for Vietnam and evening television. Only a few Juniors have been able to resist the lure of superfluous, sexless social life here and the principal has already begun to introduce the Freshmen to the delights of interscholastic football, school spirit, patriotism, competition, the draft, and the "American Way." If any noble Quakers or hippies want to save us, send help right away. Enemy morale is high. The machine must be stopped!

Sincerely,
name withheld
Woodbridge Senior High School
Woodbridge, Va.

cont'd from page 5

HIPPIES

just a lonely drip. Bright colors and Oriental music and voices - bah!

"Now, take something else. Look at our foreign policy. If our international politics are shot, it's because fewer and fewer of our young men are able and willing to get shot. A country grows as it fights. We need, we absolutely need, men and boys willing to shoot and be shot in Korea, Viet Nam, Laos, Cambodia, Japan, Germany, the Congo, Cuba, Venezuela, Guam, Guatemala, Panama, South Africa, and dozens of other places - not to mention New Haven and Milwaukee. But what do we have? Refusers! Refuse, I call them, garbage: card burners, draft dodgers, hiders in Canada, pacifists - and you'll find all of them having something to do with marijuana or LSD or pills of one kind or another. Not a decent soldier in the bunch. All their colors. It all boils down to yellow. The only colors we need are red, white, and blue. That's why we color the packages of all our brands the same color of the flag that so proudly we hailed over the ramparts. Have another drink.

"And they're the same kinds of people that talk about God being dead. Makes me smile - when it doesn't make me mad - the way they think L-S-D will replace G-O-D. Well, they'll learn. Remember the other song I helped write, for that great rally we had last year? 'GO - GO-God, AND YOU'RE GONE FOREVER.' The kids ate it up, kids that weren't dirty and string-haired and doped-up.

"Too bad about that guy who helped with the lyrics. An ex-Marine, too, altar boy, honor student, good clean-looking kid - climbed up into that tower and shot all those people. Now, I'll tell you something. I know for a fact he was so mad at all the hippies and drugs and leftwingers starting to sneak on to the campus, he just lost control.

"A pretty good shot, though."

newsviewsnewsviewsnewsviews

By Bill Blum

We wonder how the CIA has been making out in its quest for dope addicts and hippies. Drew Pearson wrote back on Sept. 9 (Washington Post) that the CIA needed these types to infiltrate hippie circles in foreign countries.

We personally think that our friendly, neighborhood spy agency is asking for problems. Dope addicts (if the term was used literally) can be bought very easily. Their need overwhelms any other consideration or loyalty they may have. So we can see them in need of a fix somewhere in Eastern Europe without the means to get one except by playing ball with the "enemy." They'll give "aid and comfort to the enemy" so fast it'll make our demonstrators here look like fanatic chauvinists.

Hippies may present even more of a problem to the You Too boys. What incentive will they be given? Money? A steady job? Anti-Communist hate? It might be a tough selling job even for the land which has raised hucksterism to the level of a science.

And even if, somehow, some hippies were induced overseas, we can picture them gravitating to the local scene, finding a pad. . .and never being heard from again in the Western World. If the CIA ever expects to see or hear from any of these "agents" again, they ought to speak to some parents of missing hippies.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Vice President Humphrey made another significant statement the other day while in Vietnam. "The reason we're fighting in Vietnam," the Vice President said, "is so that Vietnamese can speak freely."

Well said Hubert! We're only sorry that his remarks won't get as much publicity in South Vietnam as they deserve. Unfortunately, some of the local newspapers have been closed down for writing things the government didn't like.

. . . .

It seems that if we wait long enough, we'll learn that the CIA has intervened in the affairs of every country on earth. During the last 3 weeks, two new instances of our friendly foreign policy in action have been revealed.

The first appeared in the Oct. 15 Washington Post and concerned the Soviet spy Harold Philby who recently fled to the Soviet Union. In the wake of this, it was revealed that a joint effort of the CIA and the British Secret Intelligence Service was undertaken in 1949 to infiltrate guerilla bands into Albania to forment anti-Russian uprisings.

A few days later (Washington Post, Oct. 18) we read that a Finnish former trade union official disclosed that the CIA has been funding the non-communist faction of Finland's labor movement for some time.

In addition, on Nov. 2 we read that the official Yugoslav newspaper Borba charged that the CIA was the most active of all foreign espionage services operating in Yugoslavia.

But, the American public is told, the United States has to contain Chinese "expansion" and has to quarantine Cuba because it "interferes" in other countries.

. . . .

For a long time we were subjected to the sophisticated opinion that the U.S. should pull back to various enclaves along the coast of Vietnam. Then, a couple of weeks ago, Walter Lippmann suggested that we pull back to Australia as our line of defense.

I have a modest, unsophisticated proposal -- let's pull back to the United States.

. . . .

The Report of the President's Commission on Crime in the District of Columbia (pages 809-810) pointed to racial discrimination in the AFL craft unions as a cause of crime in Washington. This brings to mind the fact that one of Washington's new Council members, J. C. Turner, is president of the Greater Washington Central Labor Council, AFL-CIO. It will be interesting to see what Mr. Turner does about this situation as a Council member.

Speaking of the Council, the case of Max Kampelman who was appointed to be the Council chairman raises an important question, even through Mr. Kampelman has resigned.

The White House had the FBI run checks on all the nominees. Mr. Kampelman was nominated despite much evidence in his background pointing to conflict of interest, unethical conduct in the pursuit of legal business and other questionable practices. One wonders what the criteria are for public service. By White House/FBI standards, perhaps not having "Communist" taint is the only thing that counts.

* * * * * * * * * *

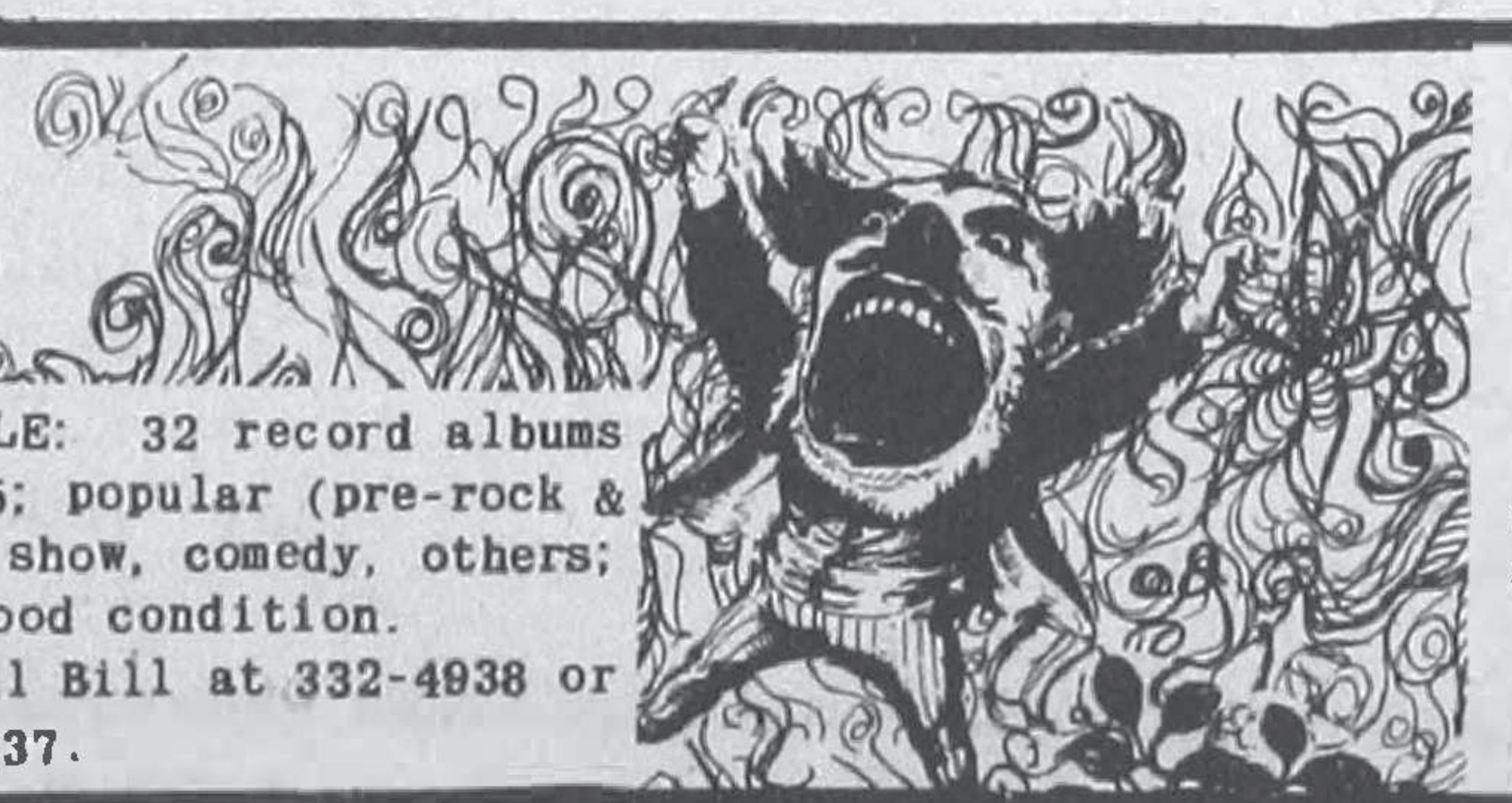
Most people find it difficult to accept the idea that wars are fought for economic reasons. They prefer to believe that wars are fought over issues like freedom, democracy, self-determination, etc.

Perhaps relevant to this long-standing debate, is a document produced in the aftermath of World War II. It is an official U.S. Navy document prepared by the office of Naval Intelligence and distributed to members of the U.S. Senate Committee on Armed Services. Portions of it were inserted in the Congressional Record of April 15, 1947, page 3496, which reads in part:

"Realistically, all wars have been for economic reasons. To make them politically and socially palatable, ideological issues have always been invoked.

"Any possible future wars will undoubtedly conform to historical precedent."

CLASSIFIED
LASSIFIED
ASIFIED
SIFIED



FOR SALE: 32 record albums for $15; popular (pre-rock & roll), show, comedy, others; very good condition.
Call Bill at 332-4938 or 667-0137.

The FREE PRESS desperately needs volunteer help: reporters, photographers (we have our own darkroom), artists, ad salesmen, typists, lovers (we have our own darkroom), angels (we have our own debts) Two hours a week at the beginning -- more when it gets into your blood.

What is most important word in your language to teach to non-English speaking Jr. High Students? T. Foran 18 A, 100 Bleecker, N. Y. 10012.

Writer in Washington to finish book is bravely battling 2 month deadline. Needs part-time assistant for typing, researching, and making black coffee. Earn money and aid the cause of American letters. Write Wakefield 415 4th Street, S. E.

Shy, wistful girl, 19, long strawberry blond hair desires to meet artistic, attractive, intellectual male. Denise 362-9862.

CRASH PAD NEEDED. Two guys Nov. 18 & 19. Call 522-4644.

AUDIO SENSE EXPANSION INSTITUTE says "Stick it in your ear with ASEI Pac #1." $3 ppd. ASEI Dept. E, P. O. Box 6903, Houston, Texas 77005.

APHRODISIACS
Lovers and Flubbers --
there is coming -- better times. Samples & Material $2 to: Coman Research Box 352, N. Y., N. Y. 10011.

FREE PRESS must vacate beloved 1737 Que St., N. W. Nov. 15. Landlord uptight. Need leads on large house for rent cheap and/or cheap pads. Call Art 332-4938.

RUNAWAYS: Money available. Write: The Runaway Fund, P. O. Box 246, Forest Hills, N. Y. 11375. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

Draft Counseling: Call us now. We've been in the business for over 25 years. This is our only business. 343-7144. Just ask for Lewis.

LIGHTING DESIGN - Psychedelic, Theatrical, Commercial, Experimental. Effects for rent - Professional consultation - John L. Wilson - 234-3605.

National publication needs groovy classified ads in following categories -- buy and sell, help needed, personal messages, graffiti. Send yours in, we'll print it free. Write Box I-1, WFP, 1703 R St., N. W. 20009.

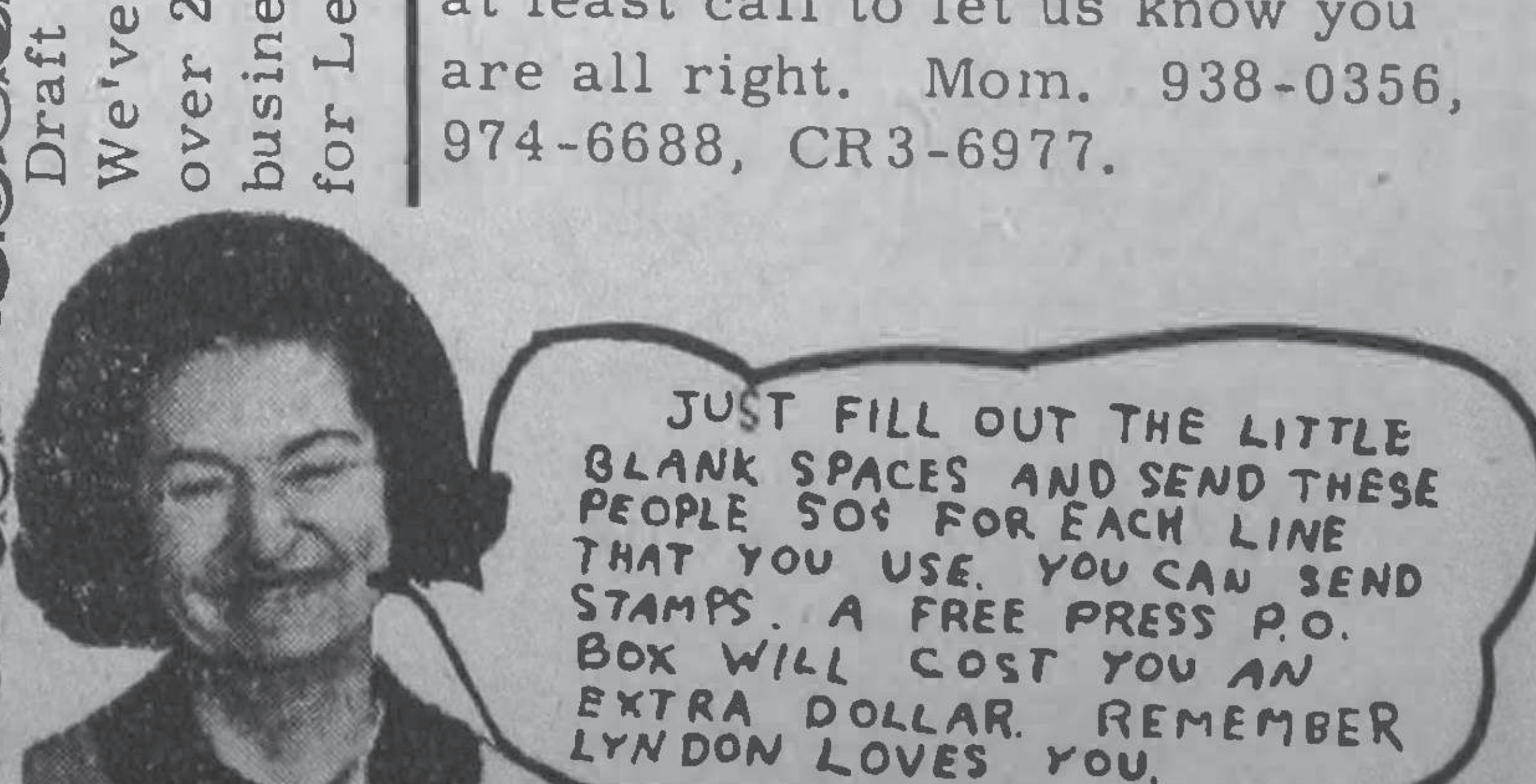
Female roommate wanted to share apt. w/ GU student who is also professional photographer Phone: 338-6708, after 9 p. m.

If interested in establishing a new community in S. W. British Columbia in coming Spring -- See Moose, 1635 P St., N. W. 483-7545.

MIKE: We are terribly worried. If you don't wish to come home, at least call to let us know you are all right. Mom. 938-0356, 974-6688, CR3-6977.

name..
address..
city.............................. phone..............................

Washington Free Press
1703 R Street NW
Washington DC 20009


JUST FILL OUT THE LITTLE BLANK SPACES AND SEND THESE PEOPLE 50¢ FOR EACH LINE THAT YOU USE. YOU CAN SEND STAMPS. A FREE PRESS P.O. BOX WILL COST YOU AN EXTRA DOLLAR. REMEMBER LYNDON LOVES YOU.

FLICK

By Ellis Pines

BONNIE & CLYDE renders two people, the reality between them and the unreality about them.

The unreality is black and white, static, the newsprint and the Kodak. There's a shot of "Cigar Smoking Bonnie Parker." There's the Barrow gang as far west as New Mexico and as far north as Chicago, knocking off banks, Piggly Wiggly stores, and an A. & P.

The reality is multicolored movement: two people in love. Bonnie can't stand that for-the-pose-only ceegar. And the Barrow gang? Why that's just the two lovers and brother Buck and sister-in-law whining Blanche and the tattooed stomach of former gas station attendant C. W. Moss.

Bonnie and Clyde are two human beings reaching for each other. They are special. They do things, acts understood only by one another, personal acts demanding a response from the dustbowl dismal world that lines the highways of the Southwest.

That history with its own particular notions of data and order cannot reveal them as well as art, is the utter inhuman shortcoming of history. History would have people go to a "gangster movie" and count the bodies. Art tears away the veil, reveals "gangster" to be a fleshless word for the being incarnate.

Arthur Penn through BONNIE AND CLYDE returns the flesh to Bonnie and Clyde.

He, of course, had never robbed a bank before he met her. A couple of filling stations had sufficed prior to her calling, "Boy, what are you doing with my mother's car?" That day, their first day together, he graduated to a grocery and the heisting of motor vehicles.

He also made known his sexual hang-ups.

She was carried by stolen car away from West Dallas waitresshood, because one man saw or maybe just said, "Bonnie Parker, you're better'n that!" That being greasy hamburgers, truck driver's jokes, and laying for prairie town mechanics.

They were fit, said Mr. Clyde Barrow, to walk into the Adolphus Hotel. (And many were going there to jump.) Their society has lost its ways and means to its guilded dreams. But such is only the fodder for the tragedy--the decaying Egypt, the bankrupt Rome.

The tragedy is in the love. The relationship itself is doomed never to find an after dinner rest in the stuffed chair lobby on Commerce Street.

This poetry is established through the protagonists. Yes, there is the social element. It is the depression, and they are robbing banks (if not banks of marble). But prosperity does little more in offering a multiplicity of alternative roles to the Outsider.

With the right nature and nurture, Clyde could've been an artist. If he was filled with the discipline of ascetic goodness, he might have been a saint.

But Clyde did his thing anyway. Like hippie and provo, digger and revolutionist, he laughed at the distinction they, "they the propertied system," make between means and ends.

We still live in the day when dropping out remains viable only for the few. The many move grudgingly in accord with their socio-economic determinants. The most difficult task before us is the creation of human roles apart from the mass industrial society. If we fail, the toll will be great not only in bank robbers but also in junior executives.

So Clyde Barrow didn't organize trade unions or paint pictures. He channeled his eros into larceny, because he was unable to channel it into flesh.

Their relationship undergoes moments of searing truth in which Bonnie confronts Clyde with his impotence. "The only thing special about you are your peculiar ideas about love making!" But then what was special about Tchaikovsky? Or Jesus?

When the love of Bonnie and Clyde is consummated, it's more beautiful than the time they shot at that hanging tire. Or the time they all picked up the undertaker and his chick in that straight couple's own automobile. Or the time they pulled the best slick job, on a bank that hadn't yet failed, and they only left the cash of the poor farmer.

They melt into each other amidst a picnic green. Bonnie has just read aloud the poem she wrote about their relationship which was printed in the newspapers. In **that literary venture Clyde** sees himself and his immortality. He at least understands the reciprocity of their relationship, what each has done for each other. The barriers, the frustrations are gone.

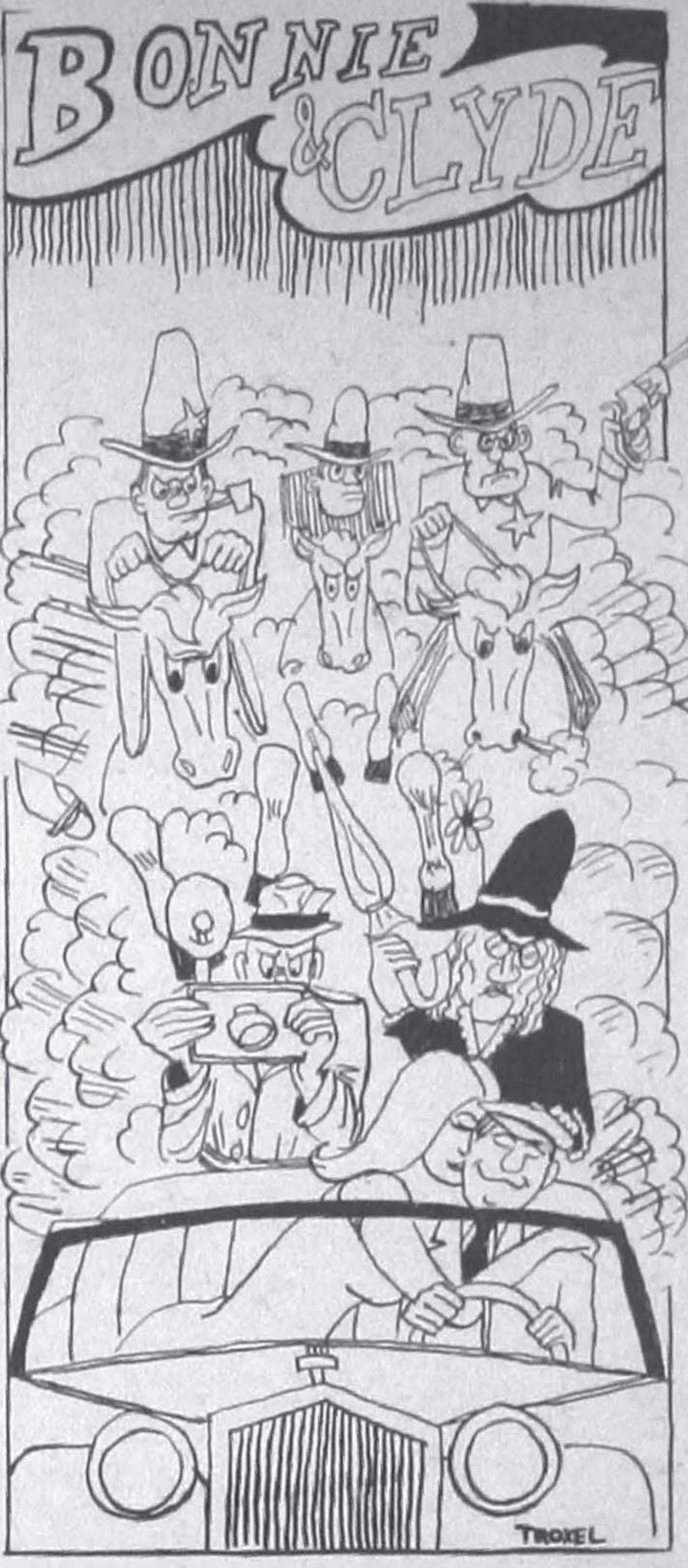
But it's too late. The Nemesis, in Texas Ranger Frank Hamer, is already afoot and a'bounty hunting. Clyde is no killer. When attacked in a grocery attempt by a hulk with a meat cleaver, he exclaims in bewildered manner to Bonnie, "He tried to kill me!"

Hamer is a killer. He is said to have picked off wetbacks swimming across the Rio Grande.

"Why aren't you back home protecting the rights of poor folks?" taunts Clyde to the lumpenranger. The Barrow gang's fun with Hamer at their first meeting is sufficient to transform his mission into one of hate.

In their inhuman death at the hands of the embodiment of legitimate violence, one sees their innocence, their tragic pure butter innocence.

Director Arthur Penn has accomplished a rarity with American made and processed celluloid. He has made a film of simple, artistic sincerity for the Saturday night crowd. And he has thus joined Mr. Clyde Barrow and Miss Bonnie Parker as partners in crime, outlaws against convention, fleecing the good patrons of their hopeful cliches.



YOU CAN

COP

THE WASHINGTON FREE PRESS AT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING

STATIONS

CAPITOL HILL CONCERNED CITIZENS FOR PEACE
1015 N. Carolina Ave. S.E

TROVER BOOK SHOP
227 Pennsylvania Ave. S.E

THE FRONT PORCH
317 7th St., S.E

CAPITOL HILL BOOK SHOP
525 Constitution Ave. N E

QUIZZICUM BOOK STORE
1220 Wisc. Ave NW

BALLOON FACTORY
1212-31 St. NW

YONDER'S WALL
3320 M St. NW

BLEECKER STREET
1665 Wisc. Ave. NW

COMMON READER BOOK STORE
1333 Wisc. Ave. NW

SAVILE BOOK STORE
3236 P St. NW

TOAST & STRAWBERRIES
2009 R St. NW

INTERNATIONAL BOOK STORE
1910 Pa. Ave. NW

COSMOPOLITAN NEWS
603-15 St NW

UNIVERSAL NEWS
735-14 St. NW
503-14 St. NW
405-11 St. NW

UNIVERSAL - INTERNATIONAL
1304 Conn. Ave. NW

UNITED CHRISTAIN FELLOWSHIP
2131 G St. NW

NEWSSTAND
18th & Columbia Rd. N W

AMBASSADOR THEATER
2454 18th St, N W

ALEXANDRIA FOLK-LORE CENTER
223 Cameron St. Alex.

KING RECORD SHOP
807 King St. Alexandria. Va

THE COBBLER SHOP
7402 Balt. Blvd.,
College Park, Md.

MARCO POLO
8000 Wisc. Ave.
Bethesda, Md.

WHEATON NEWS STAND
2407 University Blvd.
Wheaton, Md.

SATURDAY - NOVEMBER 11

FOLK ROCK duo from Haight-Ashbury performing at Yonder's Wall, 3320 M St., NW: 9 p.m. - midnight, free.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR, Greek Orthodox Cathedral, 36th and Mass., NW: continuous Greek buffet; 11:30 a.m. - 9 p.m.; Sunday also.

VIGIL FOR PEACE. Every Saturday at the shopping center on Wisconsin Ave. between Elm and Willow Streets, Bethesda; 10 to 11 a.m.

PARTY. Fund-raising buffet dinner for Women Strike for Peace and farewell to Alice Alt who is moving to New York; 7 p.m., home of Martha Hersh, 312 Kimblewick Dr., Wheaton, Md., 622-3434, $2.

CHAD MITCHELL at The Cellar Door, 34th and M Streets, NW., FE 7-3389.

LECTURE. "Yoga in theSpace Age," Brother Anandamoy of Self-Realization Fellowship, 8 p.m., Mayflower Hotel.

FILMS. "The Unique War" (U.S. Army training film) and "Journal of a War" sponsored by the Wash. Peace Center at 1323 New Hampshire Ave., NW; showings at 7:45 and 9:30 pm, free;

SUNDAY - NOVEMBER 12

FALL HIKE in Glover-Archbold Park led by a National Capital Parks Guide; meet at 44St. and Reservoir Rd., NW., 2 p.m.

VIETNAM. Slides taken by Felix Greene of life and bomb damage in N. Vietnam - shown at First Congregational Church, 10th and G Sts., N.W. Prof. L. Loeb will speak, 1p.m.; sponsored by SANE.

VIETNAM. Calvary Methodist Church, 1459 Columbia Rd., NW: 11 a.m. Worship and sermon "Pathways to World Order," Rev. G. P. Carr; 12:20 - Tea and rice dinner, proceeds to Viet relief (reservations DE 2-3422); 1:20 - talk, "A Third Way to Peace in Vietnam," Tran Van Dinh, former charge d'affairs of Vietnam in Wash.; 2-3 p.m. - questions and discussion.

LECTURE - DISCUSSION. "Lower Class Negros in a Big City: How They See Themselves." Dr. Elliot Liebow, Mental Health Study Center, NIH; free, 7.30 p.m. (sharp) at International Student House, 1825 R St., NW.

CHRISTMAS BAZAAR. See Nov. 11 listing.

VIETNAM. Meeting of Administrative Committee of National Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam at George Washington University, Rm. 104, Monroe Hall, noon. Public invited.

FOLK MUSIC. Amateur performers at Cellar Door, 34th and M, N.W.; every Sunday from 8 to 12 pm; $1 cover charge; auditions at 6 pm.

HIKING in Shenandoah National Park, Va. with Wanderbirds Hiking Club; board chartered bus at 7 AM by the small park at 12th St. and N.Y. Ave., N.W. Reserve with Charles Dawson, 852-6898; fare $3.75, bring lunch.

MONDAY - NOVEMBER 13

SEMINAR sponsored by United World Federalists at Lawyers Club, 1815 H St., NW, 8 p.m.; Clarence Streit speaks on "Atlantic Union." To enroll, call 234-7307.

LITERARY PROGRAM. Two poets, Peter Taylor and John Updike will read and discuss, "Writing and Reading of Fiction." Library of Congress, Coolidge Auditorium, 8:30 p.m.; no tickets required.

FOLK SING. Library, 5450 Oxon Hill Rd., Oxon Hill, Md., 7:30 p.m.

VOLUNTEER HELP needed at American Youth Hostels, 1400 L St., NW., tonight thru Thursday, 7:30 - 9:30 p.m. to help put together new maps - meet new people; music, refreshments.

TUESDAY - NOVEMBER 14

MEETING to plan creative disorder and provo action against the draft, at 1729 Church St., NW., 8 p.m. See Nov. 15 and 17.

TALK. "Honest Sex." Dr. Rustum Roy, director of Materials Research Laboratory, Penn. St. U. at Potter's House CoffeeShop, 1658 Columbia Rd., NW., 8:30 p.m., $1 includes coffee.

SOCIAL. Meet people from all over the world in the Penthouse at the YWCA, 17th and K Sts., NW; every Tuesday from 7:30-10:30 p.m.; games, refreshments and special events. For further information call HE 8-2100, ext. 22.

CONCERT. The Baroque Players of N.Y. at Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology Auditorium, 8:30 p.m., free.

AUDITIONS for amateur musical productions, every Tuesday from 8 to 10 p.m. in the music room of Roosevelt High School, 13th and Upshur Streets, N.W. For further information call Miss Amelia Roach, 234-2050 (days).

WEDNESDAY - NOVEMBER 15

DRAFT Counselling session given by Brian Paddock, 412 5th St., NW., 8 p.m., 638-3481.

FILM. "The Mystery of Stonehenge" at Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, 8 p.m.; introduction by Gerald Hawkins, Astronomer, Smithsonian Astrophysical observatory, free.

DRAFT. Leafletting and demonstration to protest the induction of Matt Clark who was declared delinquent because he turned in his draft card to Selective Service. Meet at 5 AM at 2719 Ontario Rd., N. W. for ride or be in front of People's Drug Store, Congressional Plaza Shopping Center, N. Wash. St., Rockville, at 5:30 AM. Call 387-3626 for further information.

DISCUSSION/TALK over WAMU-FM (88.5): 7 p.m., "Political Reality and Individual Responsibility;" 9 p.m., "Technology and the Ageless Unconscious;" 9:30 p.m., "Black Power."

THURSDAY - NOVEMBER 16

FOLK DANCING. Every Thursday night at Roosevelt High School, 13th and Upshur Sts., NW.; Instruction from 8:30 - 10 p.m.; free dancing from 10-11 p.m.; nominal charge; call AD 4-2050, ext. 8 for further information.

LECTURE. Dr. John Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary on "Church and Controversial Issues," 8 p.m., Kay Spiritual Life Center, American University.

LECTURE. Professor George Von Ihering of Georgetown Univ. on "The History and Problems of Translating," 8 p.m., Room 203, north wing of Asbury Bldg., American Univ.

PSYCHEDELICS. Discussion group at Yonders Wall, 3320 M St., N.W., 9 p.m.: every Thursday evening; open to public.

CONCERT. U. S. Air Force String Quartet at Smithsonian Museum of Natural History Auditorium, 8:30 p.m., free.

MEETING. Capitol Hill Concerned Citizens for Peace; every Thursday at 8 pm; call 544-4321 for further information.

FRIDAY - NOVEMBER 17

LECTURES. Dr. John Bennett, president of Union Theological Seminary on "Love and Justice: A Christian Approach to Political Ethics," 3 p.m.; "The Struggle for Peace," 8 p.m.; both at Kay Spiritual Life Center, American Univ.

FILMS. "Does Disarmament Make Sense" and "Power Among Men," sponsored by the Washington Peace Center at 1323 New Hampshire Ave., N.W.: showings at 7:45 and 9:30 p.m., free; repeated Nov. 18, 24, 25.

DRAFT. Leafletting and demonstration at the Draft Board, 916 G. St., NW, 6:30 a.m., as buses leave for induction center and physical exams; one of our very own has been called but hell no, he won't go.

FOLKSINGING. The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, 8:30 p.m., Lisner Auditorium, 21 and H Sts., N.W. Tickets at Talbert Tickets (Willard Hotel); Learmont Records, Georgetown; Alexandria Folklore Centre, 323 Cameron St., Alex.

FILMS. "A Raisin in the Sun" and "The Critic" "(Academy Award winning short), Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W., 8:30 p.m.; adults $1, children 50¢.

FOLK WORKSHOP keyed for teachers (especially in physical education, music and social work), recreation professionals, youth and adult group leaders; 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. today and tomorrow at Wheaton Youth Center, 11711 Georgia Ave., Wheaton, Md.; call 298-0068 for further information.

JAZZ at Dingane's Den, Afro-American restaurant, 2106 18 St., NW featuring the Turning Point Modern Jazz Quartet; Friday, 10 pm - 2 am, Saturday, 8 pm - 1 am, Sunday, 6-10 pm; no cover or admission.

SATURDAY - NOVEMBER 18

FILMS. See Nov. 17 listing.

THANKSGIVING IN GEORGETOWN. Preview of Thanksgiving in Georgetown. Tour of 8 homes with decorations and menus. Georgetown Garden Club, 12:30 to 5:30 p.m. Call 338-2581 for further information. Bring photos of starving Negroes in Mississippi.

ICE SKATING on artifically frozen outdoor rink near the South Four Towers Apartment, 4600 So. Four Mile Run Drive, near Columbia Pike, Arlington; 10:30 a.m. to 10:30 p.m.; call 671-2500 for further information.

FOLK WORKSHOP. See Nov. 17 listing; also party tonight.

VIGIL FOR PEACE. See Nov. 11 listing.

TOM RUSH in concert this afternoon at Hood College, Frederick, Md. Call school for details.

JAZZ. See Nov. 17 listing.

SUNDAY - NOVEMBER 19

LECTURE. "God and the Scientific Spirit," Dr. W. Gunther Plaut, 8:15 p.m., Congregation Beth El, 8215 Old Georgetown Rd., Bethesda.

HIKING in Great Falls, Va., and nearby with the Wanderbirds Hiking Club; meet at 12th St. and N.Y. Ave., NW., at 9 a.m. for car ride; fare $1, bring lunch.

VIETNAM. Slides taken by Felix Greene of life and bomb damage in N. Vietnam - shown at University Christian Church, 6600 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md.; Prof. A. L. Fritschler will speak, 6:30 p.m.

DISCUSSION of inter-cultural problems; summary of 4 previous Sunday lectures and discussions; Dr. William Crocker, Associate Curator, Smithsonian Office of Anthropology plus others; free, 7:30 p.m. (sharp) at International Student House 1825 R. St., N.W.

THE BEACH BOYS plus Buffalo Springfield in concert at DAR Constitution Hall, 7 and 9:30 p.m.; tickets at Super Music City, 1344 F St., N.W.

LECTURE. "Neoclassicism in American Painting and Sculpture," William Gerdts, National Gallery of Art, Lecture Hall, 4 p.m., free.

SERVICES at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W. David Carliner, Washington Attorney, speaking on "Loaves of Bread and Home Rule," 10:45 a.m.

DINNER. Potluck dinner sponsored by Young Adult Group of Washington Ethical Society at 1401 Kanawha St., #202, Langley Park, Md., 7 p.m. Boys bring something to drink; girls bring salad, casserole or desert. Call 779-9396 or 439-8027 for further information.

FOLK MUSIC. See Nov. 12 listing.

JAZZ. See Nov. 17 listing.

Fine Arts Show, benefit for the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at 10913 Marina Dr., Oxen Hill, Md., 2 to 8 PM. Entertainment and refreshments; $5 per person; RSVP at 301-292-2567.

FALL HIKE in Rock Creek Park led by a National Capital Parks Guide; meet at the Nature Center, Glover Rd., south of the intersection of Military Rd. and Oregon Ave., NW, 2 pm.

MONDAY - NOVEMBER 20

SEMINAR sponsored by United World Federalists at Lawyers Club, 1815 H St., N.W., 8 p.m.; Dr. Arthur Cox speaks on the U.N. and peacekeeping; to enroll, call 234-7307.

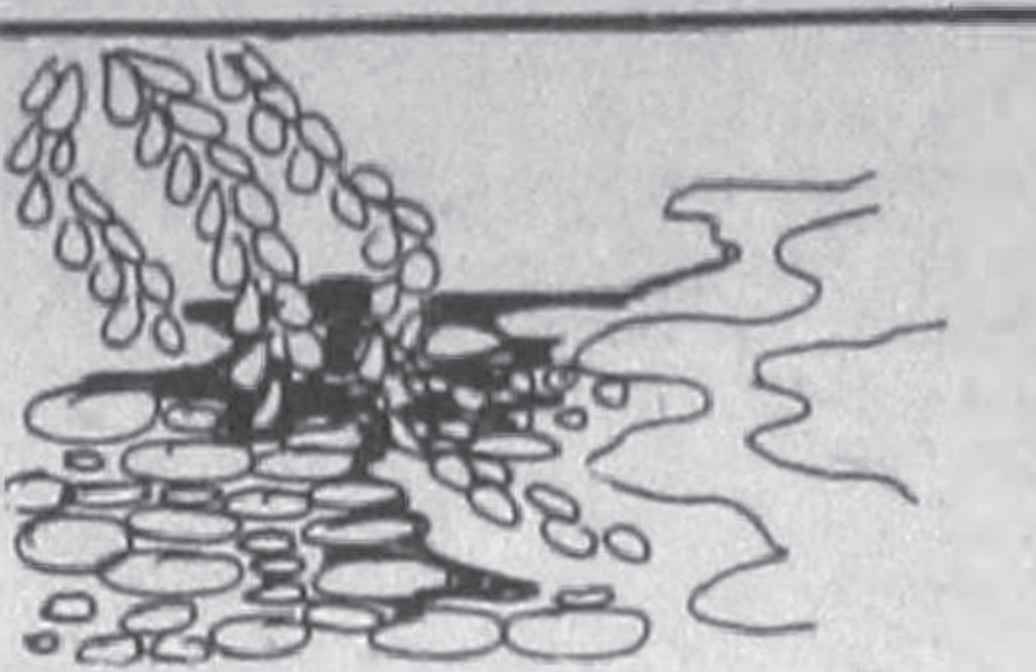
IAN & SYLVIA opening tonight at the Cellar Door, 34th and M Streets, N.W., FE 7-3389.

CHORAL CONCERT, Washington Cathedral, Wisconsin and Mass. Aves., N.W., 8:30 p.m. Call 966-3500, X248 for ticket information.

TUESDAY - NOVEMBER 21

TALK. "Vietnam: Choice and Responsibility." Richard Barnet, co-director, Institute for Policy Studies at Potter's House Coffee Shop, 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W., 8:30 p.m., $1 includes coffee.

DISSCUSSION. Civil Rights, Civil Liberties and Civil Disobedience; also 2 films. "I Wonder Why" and "Hangman." Library, 8530 Adelphi Rd., Hyattsville, Md., 7:30 p.m.



ILUSTRATED LECTURE. "Estuaries and People," Dr. Cronin, Director of the Natural Resources Institute, U. of Md.; Smithsonian Museum of Natural History Auditorium, 8 p.m.

AUDITIONS. See Nov. 14 listing.

SOCIAL. See Nov. 14 listing.

WEDNESDAY - NOVEMBER 22

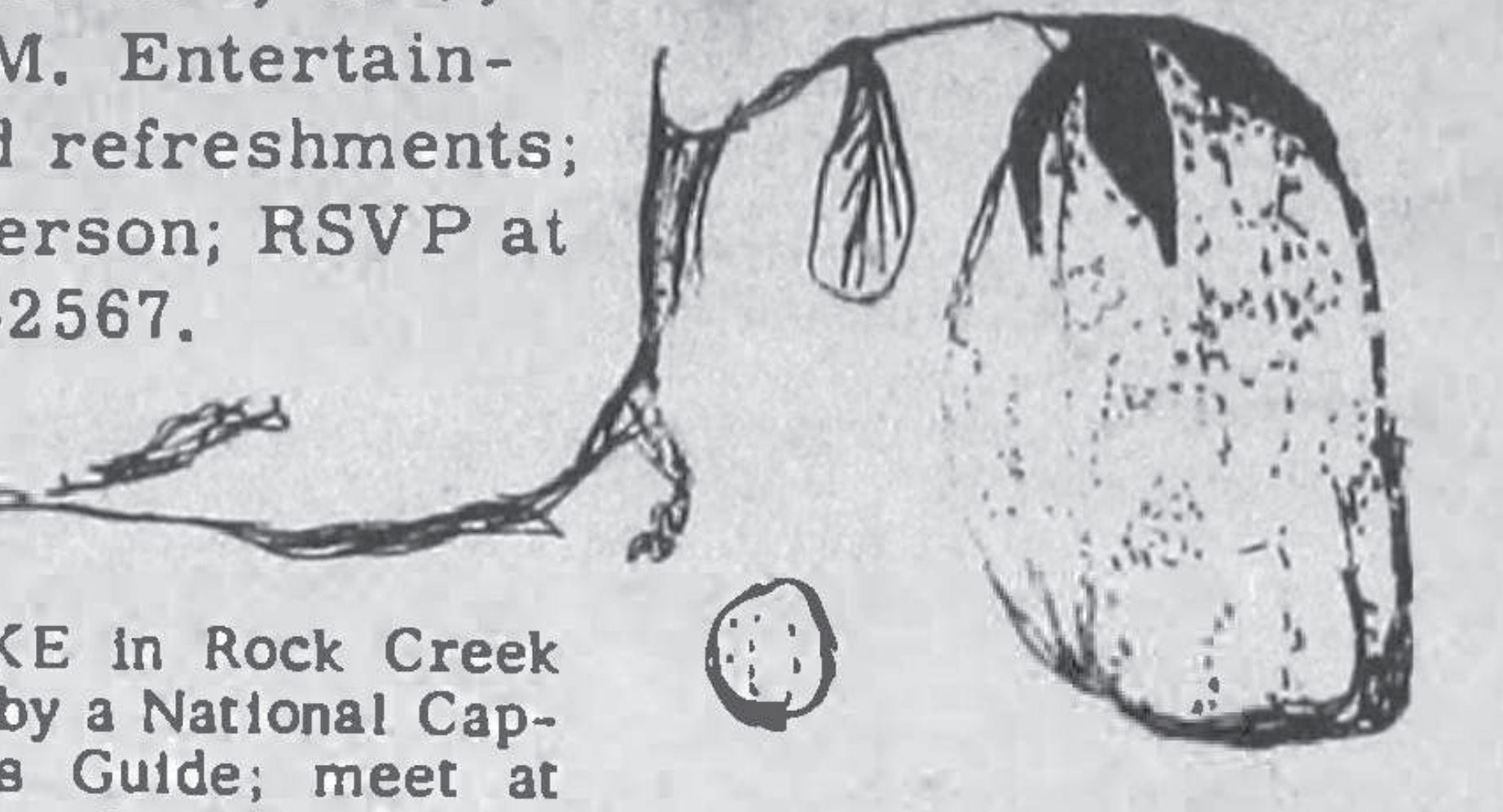
FILMS. "Canon" (a clever visual presentation of this musical principle) and "Stravinsky." Smithsonian Museum of Natural History, 8 p.m.) free; introduction by Helen Hollis, Smithsonian Division of Musical Instruments.

EVENING WITH ARTIST Edward Kienholz who will be on hand for discussion with Wash. Gallery of Modern Art Director Walter Hopps following a short film, "The Story of an Artist," about Kienholz. Cosmos Club Auditorium, 2170 Florida Ave., NW, $1, 8:30 - 10:30 p.m.

LECTURE. "Artists and Critics on the 20th Century" series. Henry Geldzahler speaking at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th and N.Y. Ave., N.W., 11:30 a.m.; series is a subscription event but limited number of tickets available at door if auditorium is not filled. Call ME 8-3211 for further information.

THURSDAY - NOVEMBER 23

Today is Thanksgiving. We suggest that you give thanks today for your freedom (unless you're in jail or in Canada because your conscience doesn't allow you to fight in Vietnam); for your high standard of living (unless you're living in poverty); for having God on our side (unless God is not anti-Communist); for living in the Nation's Capital (unless you like to have a say in who governs you).



FRIDAY - NOVEMBER 24

FILMS. See Nov. 17 listing.

CONCERT. The Alma Trio at Coolidge Auditorium, Library of Congress, 8:30 p.m. Tickets distributed on Nov. 20 at Patrick Hayes, 1300 G St., N.W. (2 per person, 25¢ each).

BAND CONCERT. U.S. Navy Band at Departmental Auditorium, constitution Ave. between 12th and 14th Streets, N.W., 8:30 p.m., free.

SOCIALIZING with foreigners in the Occidental Restaurant, 1411 Penn. Ave., N.W. Americans and foreigners invited to meet each other every Friday at 9 p.m. Sponsored by Meet Americans, Inc.

LIGHT SHOW. Ambassador Theatre, 18th St. near Columbia Rd., NW; continuous performances from 8:30 pm to 1 am; Friday and Saturday $2.50, Sunday $1.50.

SATURDAY - NOVEMBER 25

FILMS. See Nov. 17 listing.

GALLERY TOUR. Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th St. and N.Y. Ave., N.W., 1 p.m., free; lasts 1 hour.

CHILDREN'S CONCERT. Tom Glazer with Red Thunder Cloud and his Indian Dancers; Lisner Auditorium, 10:30 a.m. and 2 p.m. Call 332-5553 for ticket information.

OPEN FOLKSING. Emphasis on times and songs of Woody Guthrie; listen and perform; sponsored by Folklore Society of Greater Washington at Union Methodist Church, 814 20th St., N.W., 8:30 p.m., 50¢.

ICE SKATING. Washington Coliseum, 3 to 5 p.m.; skates may be rented; call LI 7-5800 for further information.

LIGHT SHOW. See Nov. 24 listing

VIGIL FOR PEACE. See Nov. 11 listing.

SUNDAY - NOVEMBER 26

FALL HIKE. See Nov. 19 listing.

HIKING in Shenandoah National Park, Va. with the Wanderbirds Hiking Club; board chartered bus at 8 a.m. by the small park at 12th St. and N.Y. Ave., N.W. Reserve with Nancy Bouse, 234-0886; fare $3.50, bring lunch.

TALK by Dagmar Wilson, founder of Women Strike for Peace, 1 p.m., First Congregational Church, 10th and G Streets, N.W.

CONCERT. Aldo Mancinelli, pianist; National Gallery of Art, East Garden Court, 8 p.m., free.

GALLERY TOUR. Corcoran Gallery of Art, 17th St. and N.Y. Ave., NW, 3 pm, free; lasts 1 hr.

SERVICES at Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., N.W. "Dissent-a Great American Tradition" - In Song and Story, 10:45 a.m.

FOLK MUSIC. See Nov. 12 listing.

LIGHT SHOW. See Nov. 24 listing.

OPEN HOUSE at the Pentagon today for all those who tried but couldn't get in Oct. 21 and 22; guided tour by U.S. Marshalls through the War Room; door prize (winner gets to go to Vietnam); bring your friends (also helmet and gas mask).

ICE SKATING. Washington Coliseum, 3:30 to 5:30 p.m.; skates may be rented; call LI 7-5800 for further information.

EXTENDED EVENTS

HIKING for a week (Nov. 18-25) with the Wanderbirds Hiking Club - Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, Cumberland, Md. to Wash., D.C.; participating in only a portion of the week is possible; call Fred Guill, 337-0395 for details.

EXHIBITION, "The Original Comic Art," Smithsonian Museum of History and Technology, 3rd floor, Graphic Arts Salon; Nov. 17 thru mid December.

EXHIBITION. A major one-man exhibition by the controversial American artist, Edward Kienholz; Nov. 22 - Jan. 7. Wash. Gallery of Modern Art, 1503 21 St., N.W.

Outstanding news photographs of 1966. White House News Photographers' Association Exhibition at the Library of Congress, Ground Floor Gallery, Main Bldg., for indefinite period.

Capitol Hill Concerned Citizens for Peace. Canvassing to identify doves and to recruit anti-war workers. No experience necessary - new workers will be trained. Every Saturday at 10 AM and every Sunday beginning Nov. 19 at 3 PM. Meet at 1015 N. Carolina Ave. S. E. For further information phone 546-3557 or 544-4321.

William Baird, 35 years old and the father of four children, was convicted on October 17 of violating the Massachusetts birth control law when he passed out birth control devices to coeds during a speech at Boston University. (New York Times: Oct. 19) Baird was sentenced to 10 years in prison under a 100 year old law known as "Crimes Against Chastity".

He plans to carry the case to the State Supreme Court to test the constitutionality of the law. Funds are desperately needed to help the case. They should be sent to William Baird, c/o The Parents Aid Society Clinic, 130 Main Street, Hempstead, New York.